Manchester
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CONTEMPLATIO
Mortis,
&
Immortalitatis.

Much inlarged.

London.
Printed for Francis Coules, and
are to be sold at his shop at the signe of the Gun in

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1642.

CONTEMPLATIO MORTIS, ET IMMORTALITATIS.

PHILOSOPHERS, STATESMEN, and DIVINES doe all hold, that in this world there are but *tria genera vitæ; una est ACTIVA, altera CONTEMPLATIVA, tertia VOLUPTUARIA,*

Which of these is best, *Quæritur.*

Actio Contemplationis expers, is *vita impolita*; Contemplation, if it take up all a mans time, makes *vitam sterilem.*

Voluptuaria vita, though it bee not *otiosa*, because it is in *actu*, yet it is but *desidiosa occupatio.*

Amongst these, who so tries all, as I have done, shal find, that action

profits moſt, but Contemplation pleaſes beſt: ſpecially that which indebts a man to action. Other Contemplations have *generationem longam, fruitionem brevem*, are ſo much in thinking, as they ſeldome come to enjoying; alwayes in conceit, never in act.

When Chriſt was to ſuffer, *miſit Chriſtus Petrum ac Johannem ad parandum Paſcha. Petrus bonam actionem, Johannes devotam ſignificat Contemplationem.*

Man was not made for contemplation onely, his part is to doe, as well as underſtand; In earthly things to be an actor, of heavenly things to bee a Spectator. Therefore his felicity conſiſts neither in reſt nor action, but in fit mixture of both.

Some uſe Contemplation for a Remedy, it ſeeming to make their minds aſcend, when their fortunes deſcend.

The Counſellor ſaith, A Stateſman ſhould be thus repartited: his will to God, his love to his maſter, his

his heart to his Countrey, his ſecret to his friend, his time to buſineſſe.

It is true, retiredneſſe is more ſafe than buſineſſe; *Periclitatur enim anima in negotiis*: And yet the leſſe you doe, the more you ſuffer. But as he is not happy that is alwayes buſie; So a publike man ſhould not alwayes bee ſhut up in thoughts, pleaſing his life in the ſweetneſſe of thinking. Finely ſaith S. *Auguſtine*, *Lectio ſine meditatione arida eſt: Meditatio ſine lectione erronea eſt: Oratio ſine meditatione tepida eſt.*

True Contemplation hates idle Speculation. To be alwayes, or never alone, is idleneſſe. But

The delight of thoughts, and vertue of Contemplation lyes in the right choyce of a good ſubject to contemplate: For every knowing man is ſo inquiſitive by nature, and of ſo buſie a fancie, as in this it is happy for him to fall upon that ſubject which is fitteſt for him.

Some ancient Fathers, and ſome late Writers have fixed upon the

love of God; Some upon the paſſion of Chriſt; Some upon the joyes of heaven; ſome upon contempt of the world; ſeverall others upon divers other ſubjects: All opening, that ſome one is to bee choſen. For who ſo will *vivere ſibi*, muſt *vacare Deo*. And a wiſe man ſaith, *Sapientia ſcribenda eſt in Tempore otii*; *Qui minoratur actu*, Hee cannot tend it.

Ego in meo ſolito receſſu à negotiis publicis vacans, (which was but ſeldome) found it fruitfull, uſefull, and delightfull,

Cogitare de Noviſſimo.

Quatuor ſunt Noviſſima, ſay the Fathers; Heaven and Hell, Death and Judgement.

All, ſubjects large enough.

But conſidering I had paſſed ſo much imployment, ſo many offices, ſo long practice in ſeverall profeſſions (as every publick man is owing his ablities, cares and yeeres to the

the ſervice of his maſter.) I now thought it time to ſeize on death before it ſeized on mee.

After long Meditation this I found, that when Meditation had begotten devotion, then it applied it ſelfe to contemplation, which required a ſettlement upon ſome Divine Object.

And what more heavenly than the thought of Immortality? what ſo neceſſarie as the thought of death? Herein therefore I complyed with my own deſires, and made choyce of Death and Immortality for the ſubject of my Contemplation.

Meditation, I ſaw, was but a reiterated thought, proper to production of good or evill; but Divines do well dedicate Contemplation to holy Myſteries only.

We meditate to know God, we contemplate to love God: when God himſelfe had ſeene the thing created in ſeverall peeces, hee ſaid They were good:

But when hee conſidered the

universe, as it were in Contempla-
tion, then he said, Loe, they were
exceeding good. For Meditati-
on considers her objects peece by
peece, but Contemplation summes
them all together, and sees, as in a
grosse, all the severall beauties of
Meditations Objects.

Meditation is with a man, as he
that smells the Violet, the Rose,
the Jessamie, and the Oreng flow-
ers dividually. (My Meditations of
the Lord are sweet of themselves,
saith *David*) but Contemplation is
a water compounded of them all.

This is more elegantly denoted
in the *Canticles*, where the Spouse
plaits up her haire, trussing it up in
one knot, to shew that we should
not diffuse our thoughts into va-
riety of considerations, but recol-
lect them into one by Contempla-
tion. Herewith a mans soule being
once affected, hardly shall he ob-
taine leave of his thoughts to re-
turne againe to imployments.

Et ne ego multis occupatus, mihimet
ipsi manerem incognitus: (for the
old

old world is a true one) *nil prosunt lecta nec intellecta, nisi teipsum legas & intelligas.*

I therefore applyed my selfe *ad meum Novissimum*, *What man liveth shall not see death?* And if after death, *Justus vix salvabitur*, wee may well be fearfull, and had need bee carefull that we be not taken unprepared.

Ite imparati in paratum,
Will one day be a dolefull saying.

When I was a young man, saith *Seneca*, my care was to live well, I then practised *Artem bene vivendi.* When age came upon me, I then studied *Artem bene moriendi*, how to dye well.

It is true, *Iter vitæ occupatis non apparet nisi in fine.* Yet when I was *occupatissimus, hoc me dulci oblectabam solatio, aliquando me victurum mihi*; hoping to have sweet leasure to enjoy my selfe at last.

And this I am now come to.
Disponendo, non mutando me.

The convenant of the grave is shewed to no man, saith the Wiseman, but the watch-word is given to all men.

Sint lumbi præcincti,

Lucernæ ardentes,

Semper vigilantes.

Lord, let me be found in this posture, when I shall be to die.

In the courses of my life I have had interchanges; the world it selfe stands upon viciſſitudes: *Adverſis & Proſperis contexuit Deus vitam meam*: When I first took me to a gowne, I put on this thought, *fortunam ut togam appeto, non longam ſed concinnam*, Fit for my condition; finding by others, that a contented kinde of obscurity kept a man free from envie: although any kinde of superiority be a mark of Envie; yet not to be so high, as to provoke an ill eye, nor so low as to be trodden on, was the heigth of my ambition. But I must cõfesse, I have since had a greater portion of the worlds

worlds favour, than I looked for: *Attamen ego nunquam fortunæ credidi, etiamsi videretur pacem agere.*

To check repining at those above me, I alwayes looked at those below mee; Nor did any preferments so delight me, or abuse mee, as to make mee neglect preparing for my dying day.

And now, I thank God, I can say,

Domine, paratum est cor meum.

This I have considered, That, *Guttatim per horas & dies fluit vita:* And although the houre bee not past till all the glasse be runne,

Et nemo multum ex Stillicidio potest perdere;

Yet the glasse then runnes most faintly, when it drawes neerest to effluxion. Carefull *Martha* was full busie about many things, but was well advised; There was only *unum necessarium*:

One thing have I desired of the Lord, that I may dwel in his house for ever.

This

This was *Davids unum*, and, God willing, shall be mine,

Physicians exclaime, *Vita brevis, Ars longa:* But Divines teach, *Ars optima est, vivendo discere artem bene moriendi.*

If this be to be begun when *præ foribus mors est*, Then the Sin-sick Soule wil say, *Infelix ego homo, quis me liberabit à corpore mortis hujus!* But if thou hast learned it betimes, it will then rejoyce to say,

Mihi vivere Christus est, & mori lucrum:

Welcome death more blessed than my birth.

I have ever thought the right way to dye well was to live well: And the way to live well in the world was, to dye betimes to the world.

Mihi Mundus Crucifixus, & ego Mundo; yet I found it *Rem difficilem in mundo vivere, & mundi bona contemnere.* Therefore for assistance I took to me these three Coadjutors, *Faith, Hope, Charity*; *Caritatem*

tem ex Corde puro, Spem ex conſcientia bona, Fidem non fictam: And for my ſoules health often uſed this preparative,

Examen Conſcientiæ meæ.

Nam quicunque cordi habet ſalutem ſuam, let him every day, *Manè & veſperi*, examine his heart, *quid, nocte vel die præcedente*, Hath hee thought, Hath hee ſaid, Hath hee done; *Et in quo peccati labem invenerit*, let him mend it, *cum propoſito efficaci, ſimili non peccare.*

This, if it bee done daily, I dare boldly ſay, *Vix fieri poterit ut quis moriendo peecet, aut peccando moriatur.*

Inter theſe thoughts, I had theſe things in Contemplation.

1. *Firſt, what Death was, and the kinds of Death.*

2. *Secondly, what feares or joyes Death brings.*

3. *Thirdly, when Death is to bee prepared for, and how.*

4 *Fourthly,*

4. *Fourthly, Death approaching, what our laſt thoughts ſhould be.*

Of theſe things I thus reſolved,

THat DEATH was but a fall, which came by a fall. Our firſt framed father *Adam* falling, in him we all fell. It was not the man, but mankinde. *Cecidimus omnes*, ſaith Saint *Bernard*, *ſuper acerbum lapidem in luto, unde inquinati & vulnerati ſumus:* Therefore we needed water in Baptiſme to waſh us, Bloud in the Euchariſt to heale us, water of Regeneration in bloud of expiation. Natures perfection caught a fall when ſhe was young, as *Mephiboſheth* did, whereof ſhee hath halted ever ſince.

This falling ſickneſſe infected not onely the perſon, but the nature (ſuch is the infection of evill, alwayes worſe than the act) making man, that was immortall, ſubject to death.

Hen.

Heu triſtis & lacrymoſa mutatio!

Notwithſtanding, as wee now ſtand, the fault is ours, if that fall be not our riſe; The advantage we have by *Chriſt* being more than the loſſe we had by *Adam:* Redemption imports emption, and a buying back of that which we had loſt. Wherefore, Man that had cauſe to ſorrow that he was man, may now be holily proud of his condition: and as he is in Chriſt, not to change the Man for the Angell.

Proud Nature would faine reaſpire to that it was. *Ideò qui ſtat, videat ne cadat;* For relapſe may turn us again to be as Birds and Beaſts, who have no joy but being, no ſorrow but dying. Mans better being is by dying; for when man had made himſelf miſerable by ſinning, Mercy made us mortal; *Ne in æternum eſſemus miſeri.* Therefore wee have reaſon to account Mercy, as it releeves miſery, to be the beſt vertue, though it work upon the worſt object.

Misericordia vicina est miseriæ.

There is mercy with thee, O Lord, that thou mayest be feared, saith the Prophet *David*.

What Death is.

TO dye is to bee no more unhappy. If we consider Death aright, *It is but a departed breath from dead earth, inlivened at first by breath cast upon it. Mors Tinea est*, saith, *Job*; *ex veste oritur Tinea, ex corpore mors.*

It is but a point of time interjected betwixt two extremes; A parenthesis, which interposed breaks no sense, when the words meet againe. When *Seneca* was asked, *Quid est mors?* he answered, *Aut finis est, aut transitus*, To dye or to sinne is not power but impotencie. The Emperour *Adrian* was told, *Mors est aternus somnus, divitum pavor*,

vor, pauperum desiderium. Plato said it was, *lex naturæ, tributum mortalium.* One termes it to be but the cessation of the Soules functions. O, saith Saint *Augustine*, *that I could see Death*, not as it was, but as thou, Lord, hast now made it! As it hath the dominion of sin, it is the greatest Monarch, and the ancientest King of the world. *Death hath reigned from Adam to Moses*, saith Saint *Paul*, yet at last this King shall be conquered; *The last enimy to be destroyed, is Death. O Death, I will be thy death*, saith Christ.

The nature of Death.

WHat is the nature of it, few know, though all shall feele it. But that must needs be nothing that hath no cause efficient, but deficient: *Post mortem nihil est, ipsaque mors nihil.* It hath no essence, it is no substance, but privation; no creature,

creatures, but *creaturarum sepultura*. Therefore curiously to search the efficient of it, were to labour the eye to see darknes. *God made it not*, saith the Book of *Wisdome*, *nor is it mentioned as any of his works*. God that made all things, saw that all things which hee had made were good. *Omne ens bonum, & omne bonum est ens*. Therefore good Saint *Augustine* said finely, *Lord, thou hast not made death; wherefore, I beseech thee suffer not that which thou hast not made, to reigne over that which thou hast made*. Yet it is no error to say, that man made death, for curiositie (the itch of mans soule) affecting to know that which God never made (which was the evill of death) thinking it had been good to know evill, by desiring to know it, made it, *Malum non dignoscitur nisi per bonum*.

Hee that knew all other things, knew not this one thing, that hee knew enough. But so divine a thing is knowledge, (which is not given to keep, but to impart) that we see

Inno-

Innocencie it selfe was ambitious of it.

Life did not content (that was thought but the act of knowledge) knowledge was the life the soule looked at. And that as yet begets a studious scrutiny to discover things we can never know. By which we see, that although Nature her selfe be moderate in her desires, yet conceit is unsatiable, mans braine will never leave working till his pulse ceases beating: nevertheless no man knowes so much but it is through ignorance that he doth so ill; *nam nemo sciens malus*; and as one saith well, there is now no feare of knowing too much, but there is much feare of practising too little; man is the son of desires. But since God hath revealed more than wee can know, enough to make us happy, let us learn sober knowledge, and contented ignorance. Knowledge and Power are the naturall mans God; but know thy selfe, O man, and then be proud if thou canst.

The Author of Death.

WHo then was the Authour of death? *Sol in cœlo, Sa in terra:* the two great Regents, one in Heaven, the other on earth; yet neither of these produced it: who ever was the Father of it, Sin was the mother; for saith Saint *James*, *Sinne being finished*, travelleth in child-birth, like a mother, to *bring forth Death:* Our grand mother *Evah* so named as mother of the living, yet was brought to bed of Death. *Adam* falling, Sinne followes him. Man being tempted, Death attempts him, and by Sinne Death enters. Every father is an *Adam* to his childe, conveighing corruption in his generation.

Good Saint *Augustine* puts the Devill this question, *Satan, quare invidisti homini stanti, te cadente?* Death had no interest in man till sinne had dispossessed him of the free-hold he had in God. *There was*

no

no truſt in Gods ſervants, ſaith *Eliphaz*, but even Angels were charged with fully.

Therefore doe the Devill right; he did but perſwade, not compell: it was in mans choyce to ſtand or fall.

Adam acceperat poſſe quod vellet, non velle quod poſſet. Nos accepimus & poſſe quod volumus, & velle quod poſſumus; Ille poſſe non mori, nos non poſſe mori. Sic Auguſtinus.

Power of ſtanding, man had from God, but poſſibility of falling from himſelfe. Therefore, though wee may thank our firſt parents for our birth, ſin; yet me may thank our ſelves for improving it. Wherfore the old *Letanie* ſaid well, *A me ſalva me, Domine.*

All mans vertues were given him but in truſt, and under a condition; he abuſed the truſt, and brake the condition, ſo incurred the penalty. Such is mans nature, ever ſubject to extremity, either dull in want, or wanton in fruition. *Ne moriemini* was a faire warning, but hee

hee cared not for it. With men counsels are like faces, that which is faire, pleases. But had the minde governed the eye, the Apple could not have beguiled, though it was faire to look to. The proud aspiring thought was hatcht in man. The Devill was the promoter, Sin was the author, and we being partners in the sin, shared in the punishment. *Facinus quos inquinat, aequat.*

Sith then Death by sin stole in at the window; (for the eye, that sense of love, alwayes recoyles upon the heart, when it beholds that which is pleasing) or rather at the eare, which is apt to listen to ill counsel;

Let us cast out sin by the eares, the sense of faith, in harkening to Gods Word, the Word of life, the life of Death.

The name of Death.

FOr the name of Death, Saint *Iohn* calls it a sleep: *Amicus noster Lazarus dormit.* Of S. *Stephen*

it

it was said, *When he had thus spoken, he slept.* The *Patriarks* and Kings of Judah are said to *sleep with their Fathers. Man*, saith *Job, lyeth down and riseth not.* He shall not be awaked out of his sleep till the heavens be no more. *Transitum ad vitam aliqui appellant mortem*, saith S. *Bernard. Sed ideò Scriptura dormientes appellat, ut evigilaturos minimè desperemus: Hee is not dead*, saith *David, but sleepeth, whose flesh doth rest in hope.*

Death is but a dormitory for a day. Saint *Pauls* mystery is, *We shall not all sleep, but we shall all bee be changed.* The night savours of mortalitie, and sleep, that *Mors brevis*, is but the shadow of death; and where the shadow is, the body cannot bee farre off: *Umbra fugit sequentem, sequitur fugientem. Acquiritur terra procumbentibus.*

Well said Saint *Augustine, In vita vigilant justi, ideò in morte dicuntur dormire.*

When God made a helper unto man, he sent a sleep upon him. *Somnium*

nium ægrotantium, ut novimus salutis est indicium. It is Christs saying, if he sleep he shall doe well.

But let it be *Mors à morsu* which our first parents tasted, or *Mors à mora*, which yet tarries for us all, let her be stiled Lady, Mistresse of the world, that will not be courted, nor yet cast off: Yet is she but *vox tantùm*, a thing next to nothing, *solo timenda sono.*

Better it is called a transfiguration, or transmigration, from life by death to life againe: *Exitus, non Transitus; Transitus quem ire non intelleximus, transisse sentimus.*

The Grave is but a with-drawing roome to retire in for a while, a going to bed to take rest sweeter than sleep. And when it is time to rise, *Cum expergiscar*, Then shal I be satisfied, saith the Prophet *David.*

Death common to all.

IN the meane time it is common to all. *Mors etiam saxus nominibusque*

busque venit. All men must pay this debt to Nature, though they cannot pay their creditours: and it is a favour afforded by Nature, *Quod gravissimum fecit, fecit commune; ut crudelitatẽ fati cõsolaretur æqualitas. Who lives, and shal not see death?* only vertue stands exempt frõ death.

The Fathers have eaten Manna, and are dead. Nay, even *Christ* himselfe, *being found in fashion as a man, humbled himself, & became obedient to death*. It is as naturall to dye, as to be born; yet when we say a man dyes naturally, we speak improperly; for a man dyes not as a beast, *per annihilationem Naturæ*, but *per statutum*; not by chance, course of nature, nor influence of Stars, but then and therefore because it is so appointed: *Statutum est omnibus semel mori:* Disease and Death know no faces: In the Grave all look alike: *Lazarus* sores will make as good dust as *Jezabels* paint. It is the municipall Law of the earth, to die once; of Heaven, to live ever; of Hell, to dye for ever. *Orimur, Morimur:*

rimur: Like *Jonas* Gourd, we come in a night, and are gone in a night; Wee come into the world with a sheet about us, no sooner borne, but going to be buried. *Seneca* sayes truly, wee are born crying, we live laughing, and die sighing.

For all this man is even with Death. *Nunquam enim magnis ingeniis chara in corpore mora est:* The good soule *agrè fert has angustias.* Therefore what great thing doth death in hastening dayes? This shewes infirmity, rather than power. Age doth more; *Nil enim non longa demolitur vetustas;* Death only shortens time, not life; for lifes time shortens by lengthening. *Morimur, quod mortibus vivimus: morieris, non quia agrotas, sed quia vivis.*

But this all men are to know,

That *Mortis meritum* is *Peccati debitum*; both imposed on man for sinne.

Life but a dying Death.

SIth then it is a ſtatute made in heaven, *Omnibus ſemel mori*, and that life is ſo momentany, death ſo certain; *Splendemus licèt, Heu quàm cito frangimur, corpora vitrea!* Man ſaith the Prophet *Jeremy* fades likes a leafe, and ſinne like a wind takes him away. Be the time of mans reprieve never ſo long, die he muſt. And ſince life it ſelfe is no true living, but a dying being, and ſuch a being as every day pants for breath, which Nature fans upon it for a while; And ſince death is no death, but a going unto Heaven, & Heavens comming unto us, *abitus non obitus*: How can a man but think it a well-ſpent life, alwayes to be meditating upon Death?

But, ſaith *Xenophon*, *Cur vitam contemnendam putas, & habes?* I wil not enquire, nor require more of Death but Death. *Erras enim qui*

interrogas, Quid ſit mors, & propter quod mortem petam? Quæris enim aliquid ſupra ſummum.

This I am ſure of, All mans happineſſe here is his holineſſe, and his holineſſe ſhall hereafter be his happineſſe.

Life after Death.

But if a man dye, ſhal he live againe? yes, ſaith S. *Paul, We that are in this Tabernacle, ſigh and are burthened, becauſe we would not be unclothed, but clothed upon, that mortality might bee ſwallowed up of life.*

Phanix ſponte crematur,
Vt redeat, proprioque ſolet pubeſcere letho.
Sic tu corpus coactum
Diſcere, mutata melior procede figura.

The brighteſt dayes dye into darke nights, but riſe again a mornings:

nings : Though the body ſleep a while in duſt, yet ſhall it riſe again after thy likeneſſe. *As for me*, ſaith *David, I will behold thy face in righteouſnes, & I ſhal be ſatisfied whē I awake with thy likenes*. And thus ſaith holy *Job, Though my fleſh be all conſumed to bones, yet thy Spirit blowing on dead bones, can revive thē, & couple them again with ſinewes, & cloath them with fleſh*. The ſoule which *departed for a ſeaſon*, ſhal, as S. *Paul* ſaid of *Oneſimus*, Come again, and bee recieved for ever. The grain caſt into the earth, after a froſt-biting, comes up the fairer. That body which *was ſown a naturall body, ſhall riſe a ſpirituall. Sow in teares, reap in joy. Who ſo goeth forth weeping, carrying precious ſeed, ſhal return with joy, & bring their ſheaves with them.*

Thus we ſee God will be in no mans debt : Seek God, and proſper.

Yet for all this, *Caro iſta pulveri es*, this clod of earth muſt lye a while in duſt, *Sed reſurget tandem*, as a *Queens daughter, all glorious within.*

For if in this life holineſſe maketh the face of a man to ſhine, by an irradiation from the heart, what ſhall bee the beauty of the body glorified! ſurely though it be not deified, yet ſhall it be purified, perfected, and immortalized; *Our vile bodies ſhall be changed, and faſhioned like his glorious body. Such Glory have all his Saints.*

If then the change be ſuch, who would not he willing, yea, glad to die? *All the dayes of mine appointed time*, ſaith *Job*, *I will watch till my changing ſhall come.*

Nil minus eſt hominis occupati, quàm vivere; Quos autem felicitas gravat, exclamant illi, Mihi vivere non licet. It is a good minde in a man, to bee content to die, and willing to live: But to be willing to die, and content to live, is the minde of a ſtrong Chriſtian.

Diligimus mortem pariter, pariterque timemus:
Ipſe metus te noſter amat.

Death

Death desirable for three respects.

CHristus non ignarus vel quàm misera esset hæc vita, vel quã optabilis preciosa mors, vitã fastidiebat, mortem verò exoptabat. When the Senatour *Cato* was asked a question concerning death, *Si Deus (inquit ille) mihi largiatur, ut repueraſcam, valdè recuſe: nec tum me vixiſſe pœnitet, quia bene vixi; nec timeo mori, quia ex hoſpitio, non domo, diſcedam.*

Could we as innocently wiſh our owne death, as the Saints doe the day of Judgement, we might ſafely deſire it (for who can blame the deſire of advantage?) But ill circumſtances vitiate our deſires; collaterall reſpects to our owne eaſe, as to be rid of troubles, freed of griefes, diſcontentments, and the like, theſe commonly beget ſuch a wiſh in us. *Elias* himſelf was ſo impatient of diſcontents, as hee ſate him downe under a Juniper tree, deſiring that he might die, ſay-

ing, *It is enough now, O Lord, take away my life, for I am no better than my Fathers.*

It is the saying of the Preacher, *Death is not to bee sought in the errour of youth, yet for some respects it may be desired.*

Portus est aliquando petendus, nunquam recusandus.

1. As first, that so we may betimes leave off to sinne: Since sinne lives in us, and leaves us not till death. *Dixit Socrates, Appropinquante morte, multo es divinior: If the soules under the Altar cry, Vsque quo, Domine?* If they solicite for the day of Judgement, why not I for my day of Death, since deaths day is but the Eve of Gods day? *Zenon* said, I have no feare but of old age.

2 Secondly, the soule that soon departs, *facilius ad superos iter facit, quia minus facis ponderisque traxit.* And what's the distance twixt life and death? So little, as with the Ancients, the Emblem of life was *oculus apertus; Mortis, clausus, non extinctus: nec plus interesse putaverũt inter*

inter mortem & vitam, quam ictum oculi. Man is only a wink of life, his life and death joyned as neer as joy and griefe; where teares (the limbeck of the Heart) expresse both.

3 Thirdly, that so wee might the sooner come to live indeed, bee in *Patria*, where now we are but in *via*. Present life is not *vita, sed via ad vitam.* For which cause, saith S. *Bernard, Præcipitat quisque vitam suam, futuri desiderio laborat, præsentium tædio.* For when we cease to be men, we begin to be as Angels.

Yet it is a wonder to see how we love the present, and lesse esteeme the future.

Men doe commonly say, There is *nullum tempus prater nunc*; let that be true in time, yet it holds not in Divinity: For man must chiefly minde his soule. The present is not that which contents the soul; *Nimis angustat gaudia, qui præsentibus acquiescit*: They are only creatures of inferiour nature, that are pleased with the present. Man is a future creature, the eye of his soule looks

beyond this life; *Scrutatur quod ultra mundum. Futura & præterita illum delectant; Hæc expectatione, Illa recordatione.*

Who so feeles not a desire in his soule of something beyond this life, is not settled in the point of immortality of the soule: for in every supernatural man there is imprinted an undeterminable desire of more than present life can yeeld. Therefore we do not determine out contentment in things present, bur expect future things, more and greater than here we are capable of. *Speranti grandia, mediocria sunt ingrata.* All things tend to their centre, the stones tossed from the earth borrow wings to their waighty nature to descend beneath where they have their look: rivers are touched with amorous curiosity to revisite their mother the Sea: the pyramidal *Flames* of fire witnesse they burne but with desire onely of joyning themselves with their first beginning.

Heaven is our Centre, why should not we bee raviſhed to be there to joyne

joyne as Atoms to their unity, and as rayes to the body of their light? To ſhew us the way frō aloft, thoſe torches of the night gallantly ſhew us their twinckling baits, they ſhine not to us, but to ſhew us the way of their Azure vaults, as being the only place of our repoſe.

The Soules excellencie.

But what is this Soule that ſo delights in futures? Though it be ſhapeleſſe and immaterial, yet it would make a man heavenly proud to contemplate of how divine a nature quality and eſſence it is! *Deificatur Anima*, If ſhe be conſidered in her eſſentiality: *Secundùm formam eſt Deus, ſecundū matteriā eſt Anima*, ſaith S. *Bernard*. Her amative vertues unite her to God, all vertues elſe to her. Therfore ſaith S. *Ambroſe*, *Quàm pulchra es, O Anima, peccata deſtruendo? Pulchrior mundum contemplando? Pulcherrima, Deo amoroſè adhærendo?*

See

Shee partakes of the good which is in God, which the body doth not, but by participation with the ſoule;

Faciamus hominem ad ſimilitudinem noſtram.

The body, though it have the honour to be companion with the ſoule, yet it is but her drudge: Chriſtians ſay of the ſoule, that's the man; the body is but the caſe: Heathens could ſay, The ſoule was *divinæ particula auræ.* Some will have it, *a ſpirit mixt of fire & aire*; Others, *a ſelf-moving number*; *Seneca* ſaith, *Quid aliud eſt anima quàm Deus in corpore humano hoſpitans?* Never any could give it ſuch a definition, that either another, or himſelf could conceive it. And no wonder; for it ſelfe cannot conceive the own ſelfe-excellencie, becauſe it ſuffered a compoſure before it ſelfe was. *Triſmegiſtus* ſaith, the Soule is the Horizon of time, in that it is immortall. It was the life of breath that gave it the breath of life: Therfore admiration rather than ſearch, be-

becomes a man in ſuch a ſecret: yet ſo good is God to man, that wherein we cannot reach him, he commonly deſcends to us. *Tully* ſaid, *Mihi quidem nunquam perſuaderi potuit, animas, dum in corporibus eſſent mortalibus, vivere; cum exiſſent ex iis, emori.* Saint *Bernard* ſaith better, *Anima non exuit formam nativam, ſed ſuperinduit peregrinam; illa addita, iſta non perdita.* And yet this ſpiritual eſſence of the ſoul was therefore clogged with an earthly body, that it ſhould not grow proud, as thoſe Angels did that fell.

Let me ever worſhip the great God of this little god, my ſoule, *Et ne plus ultra.* For this is an inquiſition, fitter for Angelicall intelligence, than mans ſhallow capacity.

Onely this I know, that to no creature elſe God hath given a reaſonable ſoule: of creatures, the loweſt ranke have no life, the next no eſſence, the third no reaſon; none but man hath grace; nor is there hope in any creature elſe but man, which hope is given him for the

the ſuſtentation of his ſoule. *Anima enim non eſt inſtar Camæleontis, ut paſcatur vento*, it cannot bee fed with fancies, nor all the favours of the world. She is *ita generoſa*, as nothing but that *ſummum bonum* will ſatisfie her. Saint *Auguſtine* in a comparative betwixt things temporall and eternall, ſaith thus, Wee love things temporall before wee have thē, more than when we have them, becauſe the ſoule when ſhee hath them, cannot be ſatisfied with them: but things eternal, when they are actually poſſeſſed, are more loved than when but deſired; for neither faith could beleeve, nor hope expect ſo much as charity ſhall find when eternity comes in poſſeſſion. There is no ſoule in the world, how happy ſoever it thinks it ſelfe here, but points its prehenſions beyond what he poſſeſſes here.

Hee that contemplates theſe things, will beare himſelfe too loftily, and think himſelfe too good to look ſo low as to theſe ſublunary things, hee will deſpiſe theſe

vilia

vilia terræ as *ludibria mundi.*

Angustus est animus quem terrena delectant, Man onely admires, *magnalia cœli.*

How then can this beauty bee pleased to inhabite long *contubernio isto? Bring my soule out of Prison*, saith *David, that I may praise thee.*

Non sum ubi nunc sum, saith the Soule.

As for the body, all it cares, is but sepulture: for although the carkasse be insensible of any posture or position, yet honest sepulture is a blessing. That body which had the honour to bee the Temple of such a guest as the Holy Ghost, deserves this favour.

But because many times the houses of the dead, and the urned bones doe meet with foule hands, for this also Nature hath provided, *Vt disertè ait Mæcenas, Nec tumulum quæro.*

Sepelit natura relictos.

It is one of the petitions of every good soule.

Adve-

Adveniat Regnum tuum, Thy kingdome come, O Lord; yet ſaith Saint *Auguſtine, Hoc nitimur & reluctamur. Quis non gemens, quis non recuſans exit? Quis cum acceſſerit, non tergiverſatur, timet, plorat?*

Mans croſſe Nature.

IN all things elſe obſerve how contrarily we carry our ſelves. The labourer from his work haſtens to his bed; The Mariner rowes hard to gaine the Port; The Traveller is glad when he is within kenning of his Inne; yet wee, when death comes to put us into our port, ſhun it as a Rock, wee feare what wee ſhould wiſh, and wiſh that we ſhould feare.

O fortunatiorem Marcellum, & tempore quo exilium ſuum Bruto approbavit, quàm quo Populo Romano Conſulatum.

Mans

Mans better choyce.

HEare, O Christian, what the *Pagan* saith,

Quid ni non timeat qui mori sperat?

It is harder to make a true Philosopher patient of life, than of death.

Hic spe mortis patienter dolet,
Et tadio doloris libenter moritur:
Hunc fert, illam expectat.
Sed expecta, mors tardè venit.

Therefore said S. *Paul, I am in a straight betwixt two, whether to live in the flesh were profitable for me; and which to chuse, I wot not.* Yet at last resolved, *Live or dye, Christ* was to him *advantage*: Therefore *to be loosed and to bee with Christ*, was best of all.

Till then, God grant,

That I may have *vitam in patientia, mortem vero in desiderio.*

So shall I fulfill my course with joy; Life not deare, nor Death grievous.

Life

Life and Death compared.

IN elder times, both wiſe men, great men, and vaine men, had death in ſuch eſtimation, and ſo undervalued life, as they fondly ſaid, Had man been worthy to know what life was, before he received it, he would have been loath to accept it. *Nemo vitam acciperet, ſi daretur ſcientibus.* Life would have kept us in ſlavery, but that death freed us. The Heathen gods held death to be mans *ſummum bonum.* Therefore *Trophonius*, when he had built and dedicated that goodly Temple at *Delphos*, asked of *Apollo* for his recompence, that thing which was beſt for man; The Oracle bade him goe home, and within three dayes he ſhould have it, within which time he died. They counted death but the retrait of life, *Optimum natura inventum:* For by it every man might make himſelfe happy, no man

man be longer miſerable than hee will, *Placetnè vita? vive : non placet? licet eò reverti unde veniſti.* They thought no ſtate miſerable, but that which death could not remedy: wherefore, ſay they, A wiſe man lives but ſo long as he ſhould, not ſo long as he can.

If death were not in our power, we ſhould deſire it more than now we fear it; *Phocion* in *Athens* being condemned to die, the Executioner refuſed to doe his office, unleſſe he had twelve *Drachmas* paid him in hand: *Phocion ne mora fieret morti,* borrowed it of a friend, and gave it him.

Quemadmodum Athenis, inquit, ne mori gratis licet. Magiſtra rerum Ratio taught them, that common ſafety lay in death, *Et invitum qui ſervat, idem facit occidenti.* Life was ſubject to many fortunes; *Sed in eo qui ſcit mori, nil poſſe fortunam.* This made them cheriſh theſe deſperate conceits, *nil referre, faciatne finẽ an recipiat;* Thinking it bravery to uſe miſchiefe for a remedy. Though life

life be not, yet death is at a mans command; *Mors nihil aliud eſt quã velle*, in which reſpect no man could complaine of life, *Quia neminem tenet.* If any man did complaine, this was their wiſh, *Mors utinam pavidos vita ſubducere nollet, Sed virtus hanc ſola daret.* In ſcorne ſome ſaid, *Ego ne expectem, vel morbi crudelitatem, vel hominis, cum poſsim medio exire tormento, & adverſa diſcutere?* But their braveſt conceit was worſe, that it was *genus mortis generoſum*, for a man to bee author of his own death. If it bee permitted to deſire death, why is it ill to give it to themſelves? *Sed furor eſt, ne moriare, mori.*

To maintaine by reaſon, as well as courage, this was their aſſertion. Death was naturall, therefore welcome any way; *vivere noluit, qui mori non vult:* He is ſorry that hee was a man, that is not glad to dye. It is inevitable, therefore wee muſt be reſolute; *Feras, non culpes, quod vitari non poteſt.* Fooles flie it, old men attend it, wiſe men wiſh it.

Nay,

Nay, ſome ſo prided themſelves in this way, that for care, feare, or griefe, they would not dye: *Non inferam mihi manus propter dolorẽ*, nor yet for feare: *Stultum eſt timore mortis mori*: nor yet through threats of torments: *Sic mori vinci eſt. Sed ſi ceperat ſuſpecta eſſe fortuna, ſi multa occurrebant moleſta, tranquillitatem turbantia*; Then it was fortitude to diſpatch them, how, or with what, it mattered not:

Scalpello aperitur ad illam magnam libertatem via, & puncto ſecuritas conſtat, ſaid *Seneca*, when he bled to death.

Cato will dye, becauſe the Common-wealth declined: *Nerva*, becauſe the Lawes were not kept: *Silvianus*, becauſe hee would not live at the mercy of his enimy: *Lucretia* to cover a diſhonour: Thus may folly doe that which Nature cannot defend.

But where are *theſe Diſputers of the world*; ſaith Saint *Paul*? Others thought

thought death was to be expected till Nature called for it, or Justice took it. For defence of a mans Countrey, Lawes, or Religion, men might *ponere animas suas*; but not for ostentation, or in discontentment.

Bona res est mori sua morte.

Yet some will die for wantonnesse, if they want their wils.

Life was given to manage to the utmost. Having but the use of our lives, wee are bound to husband them to the best advantage.

Every one is here set Centinel, and not to leave the place till his Captaine call him off.

Non est optima quæ placet, sed quæ decet.

That death was best, which was well recollected, quietly suffering what it could not possibly prevent.

Fortiter ille facit, qui miser esse potest.

It

It is not enough to die with a Roman courage, nor to be as resolute as *Cato*, who told *Cæsar*, he feared his pardon more than the paine hee threatned; nor yet that the cause of death be just; but it must be also necessary, unsought, inevitable.

But let goe this discourse, my Contemplation lyes another way.

Only this let me say, Divines need not be ashamed to weare the Jewels and the Eare-rings of Egyptians: they are in many things so full of lustre, and so excellent.

Man in this world lives by appointment, and God for his own purposes makes life sweet, and death terrible. Many there are that feare not so much to be dead, as to die. *Assidue variatur Homo per adversa & prospera, & nescit quando moriatur.*

To labour not to die, is labour in vaine. To live without feare of death, is to die living: *Secura vita est mare mortuum. Mordecay* said to *Hester*, Canst thou be so vainly timo-

timorous, as to dye for feare of death?

This let a wise man doe, *Quod necesse est, ne timeat; Quod incertum est, semper expectet.* But he neither feares nor feeles death, that hath his hopes in heaven.

Zenon was wont to say, There was no Happinesse but Life, it introducing eternity; no unhappinesse but living long, it prolonging misery: for the best condition of it was but a variety of vanity; wherefore, as life was welcome, so age was to him fearfull; the most afflicted men draw comforts from the hops of death: Therefore

Seek not consolation against death, but let death be thy consolation; Comforter is his Name: In death there is comfort against death. *Mortem optare malum, timere pejus:* But to make death easie, look thorow death at glory, think not so much of death, as of the glory that followes it: at the worst, *Mors non aufert vitam, sed in melius transfert*; life gives way to death, and makes

makes way for it. If it be ſharp for the time, *Puer es, ſi mavis manere inſanus, quàm medicinam ſuſtinere amaram*; A man will eaſily ſwallow a bitter pill to gaine health. The Phyſician helpes us not without paine, and yet we reward him for it. *Job* ſaith of *Death, from ſix troubles it delivereth, & in ſeptima*, that is, at point of death, *non tanget te malum. Weeping may endure for a night, but joy commeth in the morning*. Fit your ſelfe for it, and you will never feare it; doe by it as you do in other things; when you would goe to ſleep, you put off your cloaths, you draw the Curtains, put out the Candle, and goe to bed: Thus as it were acting ſleep, before you goe to ſleep: ſo addreſſe your ſelfe to death, and then as a Father ſaith,

Erit ſomnus dilectis initium refrigerii.
Scala Montis, Ianua vitæ, Ingreſſus in Tabernaculum.

Bring your ſelfe acquainted with

death, that when it comes you may entertaine it, *non ut hostis, sed ut hospes*; not as a foe, but as a friend; not as a stranger, but as a Guest that you had long looked for; and bid welcome death more blessed than your birth.

Thus did *Solomon* upon his Throne, extoll his Coffin above his Crown. What a griefe then is it to see great men in these dayes build houses of that strength and state, as if they should alwayes live, and yet so live, as if they had but mortal souls? Like the old Romans, who thought eternity dwelt in Statues & in marble Monuments. *Patres veteres habitabant in cavernis; Cain verò ædificavit civitatem in terra, sed perdidit Cœlũ. I dwel in Cedars, but Gods Arke remaines under Curtaines*, was *Davids* griefe.

It is good counsell: *Effice mortem tibi familiarem, ut possis cùm sors tulerit, illi lætus & alacriter obviam exire*. Though death bee terrible, yet innocencie is bold.

As the thought of death daun-

an ill liver; So it makes a good man, *Humilior, cautior et cordatior.* Yet doe not as the Duellists and Gallants of the time doe, goe into the field to seeke death, and finde Honour: Swift *Asahel* had hee gone but slowly, might have overtaken death, but he runs to fetch it: So do Combatants in these daies, *Ubi infelix victoria cùm victor succumbit vitio: nam aut morieris pro homicidio, aut vivis homicida:* Nor do not as the wits of the time doe, put a scorne upon death; and to bee accounted good company, dare abuse God, dispite death, and talke prophanely; yet no man for offending good fellowship, must reprove them: To be bitterly wittie in invectives pleases; and to have braine enough to be a *Tymon*, seemes a jolly thing: but in these cases saith S. *Augustine*, it is a fault not to find fault. *Nam quemadmodum malus sermo ducit in peccatum, sic silentium relinquit in peccato*; A man may be mannerly in the form, but must be round in the matter;

For a friend cannot make a more improvement of his friendſhip, than by a round reproofe of his friend upon ſuch an occaſion.

One ſaith well, Sin doth ill in the eye, but worſe in the tongue: I know not, ſaith another, whether the maintenance of the leaſt evill be not worſe than the commiſſion of the greateſt; for this may be of frailty, that argues obſtinacie. Likewiſe prophane ſpeeches, how ſharp ſoever, are ever hatefull to a good eare. Wherefore play not the wanton with *heaven*, take no part with wit againſt godlineſſe; ſuch aire poiſons goodneſſe, brings ſadneſſe at the laſt.

Seneca obſerving that ill men in their converſation, and good men in their prayers made over-bold with God, gave this counſell, So deale with men as if God ſaw thee; ſo ſpeak to God, as if men heard thee: But ſay the good Fellowes of the world, *Offendatur Deus, non contriſtetur amicus*, Let us enjoy our ſelves; to what elſe ſerves the full-

neſſ

neſſe of our fortunes? but he counſels better that ſaith, *Temperanda eſt felicitas mundi meditatione mortis, ut vinum aquâ dilutum*; ſuch an allay proſperity requires.

To this end good *Joſeph* built his Sepulchre in his garden; *Saul* is no ſooner annointed King, but was ſent to *Rachels* ſepulchre; ſome *Philoſophers* had their graves alwayes open before their gates, that going out and comming in, they might alwayes think of death: For in life they found comforts to be rare, croſſes frequent, pleaſures momentany, paines permanent.

In this world we are all *Benonies*, the ſonnes of ſorrow; the way to heaven, is by weeping-croſſe. The Kalendar tells us, wee come not to Aſcenſion day, till the paſſion week be paſt.

Hi motus animorum atque hæc certamina tanta,
Pulveris exigui jactu compreſſa, quieſcunt.

It is obſerved that moſt of other creatures live long, but dying periſh all to nothing; Therefore ſome complaine of nature that ſhe hath given too long a life to a Raven, and too ſhort a life to a man. Man that is ſhort-lived, yet he dying, lives eternally: Think but of this, and you will think as Saint *Bernard* did, that life were little better than hell, were it not for the hope of heaven.

Surely Chriſt would not have dyed, but that we may dye in ſafety; he by death in death, delivered us from death.

And did Chriſt dye for me, that I might live with him? I will not therefore deſire to live long from him. Who would not goe out of himſelfe to goe to God?

It is a token of little love to God, to be loath to goe to God. All men goe willingly to ſee him whom they love. Our brother *Joſeph* liveth; therefore though with *Jacob* I cannot ſay, I will goe ſee him before I dye; Yet, Lord let me die,

die, that I may see him whom my soule loveth; living I cannot, but dying I shall.

The danger is, lest difficulties and delights hinder our resolutions: Difficulties should not; For since *Adams* fall none passes unto Paradise but by burning Seraphins. We cannot goe out of Egypt, but thorow the Red Sea. Those children of Israel before they came to Hierusalem, took in their way the valley of Teares, and crossed the swift river Jordan, before they came to the sweet waters of Siloam. Pleasures may hinder: For even that good Saint *Augustine* was once of the minde, that he would not leave present pleasures for future hopes; but afterwards said with sorrow, *Pudeat vivere in deliciis, cùm Christus vixit in periculis.* *Moses* when he came of yeeres, refused to bee called the son of *Pharaohs* Daughter, chusing rather to suffer affliction with Gods children, than to enjoy the pleasures of sinne for a season. Prosperous for-

tunes many times hinder a cheerefull dying; but this petulant world must be left. The vaine pride of man befooles him, and easily carries him to ridiculous affectations: But conscience of sin must not bee exchanged for the sense of pleasure. To labour in conquering vice is the greatest pleasure wee should take. The holy man exclaimes, *O quàm multi sunt qui mundum damnant, & tamen pauci relinquunt!* Every sense about us, upon the least temptation, is a traytour to the soule. The body it selfe, if you set too high a price upon it, will make a cheap soule. *Magna corpori is cura, magna mentis incuria:* A man may be as happy in Russet as in Tissue; and he is an unhappy man, whose outside is his best side; vile is Nature in her best dresse. It was good counsell of the Preacher, Care not for glorious apparell, but apparell your selfe with glory. A spruce Roman, riding on a leane Jade, was asked by the Censor his reason; he answered, *Ego curo meipsum, Statius verò*

verò equum; I look to my ſelfe, but my man to my horſe. So vaine men look to their bodies, look who liſt to their ſoules. *Dominam ancillari & ancillam dominari abuſio eſt*, ſaith *Stella*.

Alſo high fortunes lead men to ſtrange faſhions; but if we would be of the Court of Heaven, we muſt faſhion our ſelves as the Countryman doth, who when he comes to Court, ſoone ſhakes off his clowniſh tricks, and gets a civill behaviour: *Mundum cum ſuis frivolis*, a good man muſt contemne.

If you would live well, live in awe of all eyes, and eſpecially take heed where you live; for the very place of pleaſure is dangerous. In Paradiſe *Adam* could not be innocent, but out of Paradiſe he was a good man. *Adam* was ſet upon in Paradiſe, *Job* on the dunghill; yet *Job* was *fortior in ſtercore, quam Adam in Paradiſo*; We are no *Davids* now adayes, therefore let us not be too venturous: *David* when he had ſeene the magnificencie and

ſtate of Court, yet thought never the worſe of his retired life, but loved his hook the better: And when afterwards hee came from keeping Sheep to be a Shepheard of men, he changed his ſtate without change of his diſpoſition: but this is not our condition now adayes; we are more for our ſheep than our ſoules. Man is the ſon of deſires: but judge not of things by the face of things; for life and death have deceiveable vizards; under the faire face of life lurkes griefe, under the foule feature of Death (which is but fancie) lyes felicity; Take off the maske, and you will change your minde, loath that you loved, love that you loathed.

Vita habitu caſto, cùm non ſit caſta, videtur:

Mors præter cultum nil meretricis habet.

The kinds of Death.

THe kinds of Death as of life are two; one bodily, the other ſpirituall:

Bodily life is the conjunction of body and ſoule, bodily death is the ſeparation of body and ſoule. And as a godly man hath three degrees of life. The firſt in this life when Chriſt lives in him; The ſecond, when his body returnes to earth, and his ſoule to God that gave it: The third, at the end of the world, when body and ſoule re-united ſhall enjoy heaven:

So likewiſe a wicked men hath three degres of death; Dead in ſinne while he lives; Dead in ſoule when he dyes; Dead in body and ſoule, when both ſhall be adjudged and condemned.

Malis ſit mors ſine morte.

Finis

Finis ſine fine.

Defectus ſine Defectu.

Quia mors vivit, finis ſemper incipit, & deficere defectus neſcit.

On the other ſide, to the faithfull Death is but the finiſhing of his mortification, and burying of his ſinne.

Freedome of Death.

THe freedomes wee have by Death are many.

1 Firſt, from all worldly Injuries. Here good men doe but live and ſuffer; *Bene agere, & malè pati*, that's their portion; Sufferings are greater trials than actions, but they prepare to happineſſe: It is good for me that I have been afflicted, ſaith *David*.

Non ſentire mala, non eſſet hominis; non ferre, non eſſet viri. But what are mo-

momentany afflictions to an eternall weight of glory?

2 Secondly, it ends all. Misery is a privative good, putting a period to all ill: Man in misery, saith *Job, longs for Death, and digs for it, more than treasure*; *Mors finis est, non pœna*: nay saith one, *Nec finis, nec pœna*; *bonis lex est, non pœna perire*. It is another *Moses* unto man, delivering him out of bondage and making brick in Egypt.

It ends sins, not life; it reformes, but doth not destroy nature:

Vitiorum est Sepultura, virtutum Resurrectio.

3 Thirdly, it frees from all corporall infirmities.

Mors omnium dolorum solutio.

Life it selfe is a disease, and we die by corruption of humours, whether they be of body or manners; who so thinks to heale all infirmities with an easier plaister than death, *Delinimenta potiùs quàm remedia podagræ suæ ponit.*

4 Fourth-

4 Fourthly, it frees us from all bodily labours: Man is the subject of the earth by labour, of heaven by suffering. The *Spirit* saith, *Blessed are they that dy in the Lord, they rest from their labours. Adeò juvat occupatum mori:* Here I have labour without rest: There I shall have rest without labour. In this Rest, perfect Tranquillity; in this Tranquillity, Contentment; in this Contentment, Joy; in this Joy, Variety; in this Variety, Security; in this Security, Eternity; So to Rest, to Rise, to Reigne, what more to be wished?

5 Fifthly, it eases us of all cares and troubles: *Refrigeries est animæ*, Refection to the soule; Were we but in a throng, we would think that man at ease who gets out first. *Noah*, when hee had been tossed but a yeare upon the waters then Mount *Ararat* was to him a glad-some place; so likewise miserable man after many wearisome yeeres tossed up and downe the world as in a troubled sea, will be glad of death,

death, as of Mount *Ararat*, a reſting place for his tyred ſoule.

Old *Chaucers* Epitaph is a good one:

Mors ærumnarum requies.

The long ſicke man wrote upon his grave-ſtone, *Hic ero ſanus.*

In Warre we often releeve the Watch: Life is a Warfare, yet hath no releeſe but Death.

6 Laſtly, Death doth us not the leaſt pleaſure in freeing us from phantaſmes and vaine pleaſures: *Periclitatur enim caſtitas in deliciis, Pietas in negotiis, Veritas in multiloquio, Charitas in ſæculo.*

And yet ſome pleaſures may ſtand with innocency; For God loves to ſee his creatures happy, but commonly the pleaſures of the body are the poyſons of the ſoule: a man ſmothered in Roſes meets with Death, though in ſweetneſſe; *Delicatas enim mentes enervat felicitas:* In vaine mirth there is no true joy, nor yet gladneſſe in laughter; *Nam res eſt ſevera verum Gaudium:* The only

only object of true joy is God. *In the multitude of ſorrowes that I had in my heart, thy comforts have refreſhed mee, and doe delight my ſoul,* ſaith *David.*

Delight in pleaſures, and you ſhall finde your greateſt pleaſures become your bittereſt paines.

Miſer homo, cujus gaudium crimen habet.

But cheriſh that Syntereſis, the naturall power in the ſoule, and that will ſtirre you up to a cheerefulneſſe in goodneſſe: *Ne quaras Deum in hortis & paſcuis deliciarum: Moſes eum invenit in ſpinis & aſperitate vitæ.*

A man whoſe ſoule is converſant with *God*, ſhall finde more pleaſure in the deſart and in death, than in the Palace of a Prince.

Soveraignty reaches not to the affaires of Nature; even Princes muſt dye; *I have ſaid you are gods, but you ſhall dye like men.*

The

The benefits by Death.

THE benefits that come by Death: Fulneſſe of Grace which here we have but in part; *Vivere velint homines ut perfecti ſint, mori volunt & perfecti ſunt.* Here we have but *Arrham Spiritus*, there we ſhall have *Pretium*; *Sedete à dexteris*, will be our welcome. Here mens regeneration is never accompliſhed: by death it is fully perfected.

Secondly, perfection of Glory: now I know but in part, but then I ſhall know as I am known: now I ſee darkly, as in a glaſſe, then ſhall I ſee face to face. There ſhall be new Heavens, new Earth; the world ſhall be made better, not nothing. *Suſcipit enim meliorationem, non interitum: Old things are paſſed away, behold*, ſaith S. *Paul, all things are become new. There ſhal be no more an infant of daies, nor an old man that hath not filled his dayes*, ſaith *Eſay*. The Heavens

Heavens you behold ſhall be ſuper
inveſted with new indowment
made everlaſting habitations fo
the Saints departed, *Erimus parti*
cipes, non tantùm ſpectatores gloriæ
Enjoy with theſe eyes *viſionem il*
lam beatificam, Joy unſpeakable
and this joy, ſaith Saint *John*, *N*
man ſhall take from you.

Thirdly, inſeparable fellowſhi
with Chriſt: *They follow the Lam*
whither ſoever he goeth. There we
ſhall be married to him, here we b
but contracted; *Deſponſabo te mih*
ſaith the Prophet. Thoſe favour
and love-tokens I have here recei
ved, doe but inflame, not ſatisfie
And theſe I am willing to par
with, leſt they ſhould make me loth
to depart to him that gave me them

Meretricius eſt amor, plùs amare
lum quàm ſponſum amare.

Laſtly, it brings mee where I
would be, into my own *Countrey*,
into *Paradiſe*, where I ſhall meet
not as in the *Elizium* of the *Poets*,
Catones, Scipiones & Scevola's; But
Abraham

Abraham, *Isaac* and *Jacob*, the *Patriarchs* my fathers, the *Saints* my brothers, the *Angels* my friends; my wife, children, and kinsfolks that are gone before me, and doe attend me, looking and longing for my arriving there. Where we shall thus congratulate, as Saint *Paul* saith; we are met in Mount Sion the City of the living God, and the Celestiall Jerusalem, in the company of innumerable Angels; where things that eye hath not seene, nor eare heard, nor heart of man can conceive, are prepared for us and all that feare God.

Therefore I will say, *Lord*, when shall I come and appeare before thee? *Like as the Hart panteth for the water brooks; so pants my soul for thee, O God: I had rather be a doorkeeper in thy house, than dwell* here, though in chambers of pleasure: and know this, that Glory followes Grace; if little Grace bee here, lesse will be the Glory hereafter.

Touching

Touching the ſecond generall Diviſion.

II.

The Feares or Ioyes that Death brings.

The feares of Death.

TImor eſt dolor, The King of fears is Death; For nothing is abſolutely fearfull, but what tends to Death. *The living dogge*, ſaith *Solomon*, *is better than the dead Lion.* The baſeſt life excells the beſt bare being. Naturally men feare Death, becauſe it ends being, which Nature would preſerve. *Omnis dolor ſurgit*

ſurgit ab amore: Rachel mourned for her children and would not be comforted, becauſe they were not.

Very not-being is ſufficiently abhorred by Nature; yet Death ends not-being.

Chriſtians were wont to be of that courage, that they feared nothing but ſinne; *Timuit mortem Petrus, & negavit Chriſtum.* But why ſhould a man feare death that doth but reſtore him to him that made him? *Timeat mortem qui Deum non timet; ſed ſi ſperare deſideras, deſine timere.* Feares, as all paſſions, doe diſquiet the heart: Yet juſt feare breeds but care; and feare mixt with faith, ſolicites unto goodneſſe: but diſtruſtfull feare, as over-confident hope, are both alike hurtfull.

Sunt autem qui Deum nec timent, nec ſperant; Theſe men are deſperate: Goe on, and ſhut up a careleſſe life with a diſconſolate death. Feare of death is commonly the effect of an evill life. Feare vice ſpecially in age, leſt the nearer you come

come to death, the farther you goe from life. The *Convert* said well, *Periissem nisi periissem.*

It is true, the name of Death to most is fearfull; Yet *Pompa mortis magis terret quàm ipsa mors.* Grones, Convulsions, discoloured faces, these shew Death terrible; because God loves at first to make way for himselfe by terrour, but at last conveyes himselfe to us in sweetnesse. And what trouble can the feare breed, when that which is feared is a favour?

That *Philosopher* is not to be followed, who to prepare himselfe the better for Death, did set forth death most fearfully: nor yet is that Emperour to bee praised who so little esteemed death, as he dyed in a complement.

The feare of Death, is worse than the paines of death; *Timor mortis, ipsa morte pejor*; Because feare of Death kils us often, where Death it selfe can doe it but once. And when that is done, saith *Job*, the *Wombe will forget thee and*

and the wormes feed ſweetly on thee.

There is nothing more miſerable or fooliſh than alwayes to fear.

The *Philoſopher* thought, that if Death (as bad as men count it) were not mingled with bitterneſſe, men would run to it with deſire and indiſcretion.

Ergo mortem concupiſcentes, & timentes aquè objurgat Epicurus.

It is true, Life would not be troubled with too much care, nor death with too much feare; becauſe feare betray, cares diſorder thoſe ſuccours which reaſon would afford to both: But he is more ſorrowfull than is neceſſary, that is ſorrowfull before there be neceſſity. Nor will I ever think my ſoule in good caſe, ſo long as I feare to thinke of dying. When the Prince of Life was under the Arreſt of Death, then Deaths ſeeming victory was terrible: But now, *O Death, where is thy ſting? O Grave, where is thy victory.*

Feares multiply evils, Faith diminiſhes them; yet moſt men wiſh,

ut mors potiùs ſemel incidat, quàm ſemper impendeat, becauſe nothing is ſo painfull as to dwel long under the expectation of ſome great evill. Of themſelves, paines of Death are only throwes of travell that bring forth joyes in ſuffering paines.

Abſolvitur anima, reſolvitur corpus; gaudet quòd abſolvitur, quòd reſolvitur non ſentit.

The Heathen man could ſay, *Non ego pœnas eſſe quibuſdam poſt mortem; ſed quid ad mortem, quid poſt mortem:* If there be any feares in Death, *Quare juvenes non timent fieri ſenes?* But it is the nature of fear, to make dangers greater, helps leſſe than they are.

When *Anaxagoras* had word brought him that his deare and only ſon was dead; *Scio*, ſaid he, *me genuiſſe mortalem.* The ſons condition ſatisfied the fathers paſſion.

There is no ſuch gentle removall of griefes, or life's diſcontents, as the right ſenſe of Death; nor can that man either live at eaſe, or yet

contentedly, that lives continually in feare of Death. *Nil in morte metuamas, si nihil timendum vita nostra commisit.* Never feare what you shall suffer when you are dead, if you have not deserved it while you lived.

In learning to live, study how to die. We take great care to bestow our time well while we live; but he leeses all his time, that knowes not how to end his time.

Nescire mori miserrimum.

Socrates *de morte disputabat usque ad ipsam.* When *Otho* and *Cato* had prepared all things for their death, they setled themselves to sleep: when they awaked, & found themselves upon the stroke of execution, all they said was, *Vita supplicio data est, mors remedio.* Tyrants have been told to their faces, that their mortall wounds made the Sufferers Immortall.

Vivere non potest, qui mori non audet.

There

There is no man ſo valiant as the beleever.

It was a proverb amongſt the Heathens, *Soli Chriſtiani mortis contemptores.*

Zeno's word was, *Difficile eſt hominem exuere*; but off he muſt.

It is true, feare of Death (as a tribute due to Nature) is a weakneſſe; yet feares be not alwayes ill ſymptomes before death, nor in death. At that inſtant Nature will reluct to keep ſtill her being, unto which death is repugnant, life pleaſing.

But neither life nor being are alike to all men: To an ill man the beſt had been, not to have beene, *Non naſci optimum*; His next beſt were, to live long: It was ill with him that he was borne, worſe that hee muſt die. Therefore not being ſure of a better life, he would faine make much of this. He is conſcious to himſelfe, that this dying life will bring him to a living death; yet thinks, *Dum ſpiro, ſpero*; and ſo flutters *inter mortis metum, et vitæ*

tormentum; *nolit vivere, & nescit mori.* A good man is otherwise minded, he counts his end the best of his being, for that brings him to the fruition of his hope. *Quid hujus vivere est*, but *diis mori?* His word is, *Cùm expiro, spero*; my body only lived *spirando*, my soule lives *sperando*: When his breath failes him, his hope faints not, *Patienter vivit, delectabiliter moritur.* To this man, *mori quamprimùm*, is his rather; therefore he saith to his soule, *Why art thou cast down, O my soule, why art thou so disquieted within mee? wait on God.*

The difference of soules as well in dying as living.

SOule and Soule are differenced in dying, as well as in being. The Atheist dares not die for feare of *non esse*; The ill liver dares not die for feare of *malè esse*; The doubtfull conscience dares not die *nesciendo*,

endo, whether he ſhall be, not be, or be damned; Only the good man dares and deſires to die. He is aſſured of his hope, his hope is full of immortality. *What can I fear, when I know in whom I beleeve*, ſaid the holy Martyr? *I am thy Salvation*, ſaith that Saviour of man.

Could Death end miſery, the greateſt happineſſe a wicked man would wiſh, were the act of Death: But his conſcience will not let him lie; hee knowes the end of his preſent miſeries, is the beginning of worſe; yea, ſuch as Death it ſelfe cannot terminate; for that would be happineſſe enough, had he hope there would be an end at the laſt.

Tophet is prepared for the bad, and *Paradiſe* for the good; *As the tree falleth, ſo it lyeth*; As Death leaves him, ſo Judgement ſhall finde him.

There was neither death nor life but had ſome good in it, could hee have ſeene it. In life there was ſome eaſe, in death an end; But in *Inferno* there is neither eaſe nor end.

Prima mors animam dolentem pellit de corpore;

Secunda mors animam nolentem tenet in corpore.

There is no *Annus Platonicus*, nor yeere of Jubile in this place.

Could wee therefore fore-think what bitter paines our ſweet ſinnes will coſt, we would be provident, we durſt not but be innocent.

But fooliſh men give away their Soules for nothing: yet thoſe that would not fear for love, ſhal tremble for feare, and finde, though too late, how much prevention is better than confuſion. In the ſenſe of paine, and horrour of Conſcience they will one day cry, *O vos omnes qui tranſitis*, All yee that paſſe by, *attendite, & videte ſi eſt dolor ſicut dolor meus.* Then pangs of death, anguiſh of conſcience, frights of Hell meeting altogether, will render a man perfectly miſerable.

It is ſtrange that we will not be wiſe by other mens harmes: for though

though wee love our ſelves better tha[illegible] others, yet we ſee others better than our ſelves. Reaſon therefore bids us, if we would ſee our own caſe, then to view it in another mans perſon, and ſo prevent that which hee feeles.

Seldome doth he die well, that lives ill; therefore in the courſe of your life practiſe well doing, and at parting you ſhall have the comfort of well dying.

Body and Soule parting.

SEd quàm amarũ erit hoc tempore corporis & animæ ſeparatio? We ſee old acquaintance cannot part without teares. *Quid facient intimè familiares, quales ſunt corpus & anima, quæ ab ipſo utero ita jucundiſſimè vixerint?* If the Oxe loweth when his fellow is taken from him that drew the plough with him, *qualem mugitum* ſhall we give when ſoule and body part? *Siccine ſeparas, amara Mors? Siccine ſeparas?*

When I goe in *fundum*, there ſhal I ſee *noſtrum nihil*, ſaith the Book of Kings. The ſpirit at this time may be willing, but the fleſh will be loath. *Ægrè amittitur, quod valde amatur.*

Faith will aſſure God is thy Father; but Nature will tell thee, She is thy mother, and thou mayeſt not yet leave her. In this conflict take heed the mothers ſide prevaile not; Shee will play *Naomies* part, perſwade thee earneſtly to ſtay and enjoy the delights of *Moab* yet a while longer; but reſolve thou with *Ruth* to ſee what entertainment is for thee in Bethlehem, for there thou ſhalt finde a *Boaz*.

In iſta hora, every man will make *Balaams* ſuit, (for no man would be miſerable, if it were enough to deſire to be happy.) *Beatus vult homo eſſe, etiam non ſic vivendo ut poſſit eſſe.* Some there are that would not wiſh to live, but wiſh they had not lived. But ſuch wiſhes will not ſerve, Death will not bee ſatisfied with wiſhes, nor with words. Heaven

ven is full of good works, Hell full of good wishes. He must *piè vivere*, that will *securè mori*. We all desire to shut up our last scene of life, with, *In manus tuas, Domine, commendo Spiritum meum*. But it is not the last words a man utters, that doe qualifie his Soule. Remember how in thy life thou hast entertained Gods Spirit: for as we used his in this life, so hee will use ours after Death. *Qualem quisque se fecerit in hac vita, talem se inveniet exiens ab hac vita.*

At this houre what would a man give to secure his soule? *Quid dabis pro anima tua, qui pro nihilo das illam?* Poore man! never was any so rich as could pay the ransome of his own soule; a displeased mercy askes greater satisfaction.

And this know, that when thou dyest, thou goest to give account of thy Stewardship, that is, *Temporis missi, Mali commissi, Boni omissi*: and thy soule already knowes in *conscientia tua*, whither it goes; *quando egreditur è corpore tuo*; For

thy conſcience is a Juſtice *Itinerant* with thee, and though thou canſt carry nothing elſe with thee, yet this thou canſt not leave behind thee, that will tell thee whither thou goeſt, and what thou ſhalt look for: *Tunc quaſi loquentia tua opera dicent; Tu nos egiſti, Tua opera ſumus, non te deſeremus; ſed tecum ibimus ad Judicium.* In that day ſhall come into mens minds (*vi divina*) in the twinkling of an eye all their paſt good, or evill works.

Memory the Magazine of the Soule will then recount all that thou haſt done, ſaid, or thought all thy life long: for there needs no other art of memory for ſinne, but miſery.

Man is a great flatterer of himſelfe, but conſcience is alwayes juſt, and will never chide thee wrongfully; It alwayes takes part with God againſt a mans ſelfe; It is *magiſtratus domeſticus*, that will tell what you doe at home; it is well termed, the Pulſe of the Soule:

There-

Therefore if you would know the true ſtate of your body or ſoule, feele how this beats, that will tell you: yet take heed you make not an Idoll of your conſcience; neither think, as ſome doe, that it is a crime to make a conſcience of our actions. The Book of Wiſedome ſaith, That *wickednesse being preſſed with conſcience, fore-caſteth grievous things:* feare is full of projects.

Nemo ſeveriorem ſeipſo habet judicem: Therefore *non timere judicium*, is a deſperate thing; yet we pray daily, *Domine, adveniat Regnum tuum.*

It ſhewes a Chriſtian courage, *Regnum Dei poſtulare:* But a man had need of a good cauſe, that wiſhes the comming of his Judge.

At point of death, if a man will take his aime by the beſt man that ever lived or dyed; that of *David*, *Ezekias*, and of Chriſt himſelfe (as he was man) is able to amaze any man, when as our Saviour Chriſt, not many hours before he ſuffered, ſaid,

ſaid, *Anima mea turbata eſt, & quod dicam?* and at the very point of death, ſaid, *Father, if it be thy will; let this Cup paſſe from me.* When *David* ſaid, *Save Lord, for thy mercies ſake; for in death there is no remembrance of thee. And Ezechias* wept ſore, when he was bid, *Put thy houſe in order, for thou muſt die. Si Patris, ſi Prophetæ, ſi Apoſtoli, ſi Martyres, ſi Chriſtus ipſe,* was thus troubled at the houre of death, *Wretched man that I am, what ſhall I do?* Wee were all to ſeek, but that Chriſt bids us, *Be of good cheere, for I have overcome death; Mors morte redempta eſt.* Now there is advantage in death; that which was the wages of ſin, is made the reward of righteouſneſſe.

Now the death hath overcome death, and that faith hath ſecured fear, *Nec me tædet vivere, nec timeo mori.* For what can he fear in death, whoſe death is his hope? *Timor timore pellitur, ut clavus clavo trudi-tur. Right precious in the ſight of God is the death of Saints.*

See

See then what makes men willing or loath to die.

Obsecro te, Lucille, said *Seneca, Cur timeat laborem vir, mortem homo?* It is the present condition of men that makes them willing or loath to die.

Nor life, nor death are alike to all men: Some can as willingly leave the world, as others can forbeare the Court. And count him but unwise, *Qui os suum aperit aëri, ut satiaret vento.* Some say unto themselves, *Since the Fathers fell asleep, all things continue as they were: Liberè ignorant, ut liberius peccent;* These will erect to themselves an heaven out of heaven, and be blessed before they be dead. Some pleasant their lives, as if the world should alwayes laugh upon them; *Quamvis pejor est mundus cùm blanditur, quam cùm indignatur.*

Some say, *Let us eat and drink, for to morrow we shal die. Et post mortem nulla voluptas.* These would do any thing rather than die. Others thinking to please God by making them-

themselves miserable, live as if they came into the world but to act a sad mans part and die.

De tanta latitia, quanta tristitia!

These wish a change, hoping it will be a benefit. All weak minds seek ease in change. Therefore wel said the Son of *Syrach*, *O death, how acceptable is thy remembrance to him whose strength failes? That is now in his last Age, and vexed with all things; and to him that despaireth and hath lost patience?* Contrariwise, *O death, how bitter is the remembrance of thee to a man that lyeth at rest in his possessions, unto he man that hath nothing to vex him, and that prospereth in all things. (Sed, O seculum nequam, quòd solos tuos sic soles beare amicos, ut Dei facias inimicos.)*

Certainly to this man that thus lives at ease in delicacie with affluence of all things, (for to use happinesse is as difficult as to forbeare it) to him it is a sad and bitter meditation to think that death must take

take him from all theſe joyes, wherin his heart took pleaſure, though indeed pleaſures are but paines in their loſſe. *O pro quantillo Regnum perdidi!* ſaid *Lyſimacus*, when hee gave his kingdome for a cup of cold water.

Thus as men differ in their condition; ſo doe they in the acceptation of death.

Sed, O quàm amara mors mundum amantibus!

Every poore contentment glues us to that we like. And what are thoſe contentments? Vaine hopes, impure pleaſures, falſe honours, dangerous greatneſſe, unſatisfying wealth, ſtormie contentments, all contemptible. For all that ſome good men covet, *Et Deum & mundum ſimul complecti*; but that will not be; *Nam Deus non amat cor diviſum.* A man cannot look up to heaven with one eye, and down to the earth with the other. *Amor Dei non eſt dividendus terrenis*; Chriſt would not have his Coat divided.

If

If thy heart be ſet on heaven, thy ſoule will have no pleaſure in theſe low things, look upward. A good Chriſtian is high minded; *Os homini ſublime dedit, cœlumque tueri*: The minde contemplating heaven, walkes beyond eye-ſight, and at ſo farre a diſtance diſcernes God, as if he were at hand. There be certaine Subſapients ſo worldly wiſe, as they think all other men inſipients. To converſe with God is true ſolace. Wee are never well but when wee are converſing with others, but our converſation is ſeldome in heaven where it ſhould be. *Moſes* was with God in the mountaine, and came down gliſtering, his face ſhining. *Peter*, when he was taken up to the Mount cryed, *Faciamus hîc tria Tabernacula*: Who ever they be that dwel in Contemplation of heavenly things, ſee viſions, and come off rich in thoughts. In this ſtate, ſaid *David*, I have had more joy of heart, than they whoſe wine and oyle encreaſed.

Therefore if thy heart be right, thou

thou needeſt not feare: But a heart and a heart God cannot abide. *Cor extenſum* God loves. It is noted in nature, that the fearfulleſt creatures have the largeſt hearts. Let the fear of God enlarge thy heart, and then you need not feare your day of death: *Nam dies iſte, quem tanquam extremum aliqui reformidant, tibi aeternæ ſalutis erit*: Nor yet the face of death, for it will look upon thee, *Facie non horrendâ, ſed blandâ; non terribili, ſed amabili.* Here is the difference, the good mans hope is even in Death: The world-lover ends his hope and happineſſe, when he dies: As *Ahab* ſaid to *Elias*, ſo ſaith he to Death, *Haſt thou found mee, O mine enimy?* Whereas the other ſaith, as *David* ſaid to *Ahimaaz*, Let him come and welcome, for *he is a good man, and cometh with good tidings.*

Plato diſcourſing unto one, *De contemptu mortis*, and ſpeaking ſtrangly upon it, was anſwered, *Fortius loqueris, quàm vivis: At ille dicebat, non quemadmodum viveret,*

veret, ſed quemadmodum vivendum eſſet. For a weak mans rules may be better than the beſt mans actions. But how-ever the Contemplation of death pleaſeth, the ſuffering of death will pinch. A man ſatisfied, that death is nothing but a bridge to conveigh over a tempeſtuous water to a calme ſhore; yet did not the word, *Ibis ad patres*, ſweeten the Contemplation, as did that wood caſt by *Moſes* into the waters of Marah, turning bitterneſſe into ſweetneſſe. The thought of Death (though it be but a gathering to our fathers) would bee an unpleaſing ſtudy.

But feares being paſt, which are but ſhadowes, ſet off joyes the better, therefore now to ſee the joyes that Death brings.

The

The joyes brought by Death.

PEr angusta pervenitur ad augusta: The soule of joy lyes in the Soules joy. It was *Sampsons* Riddle, *Out of the bitter came sweet.* The good mans quality is to look thorow Death at Glory. When we think upon the separation of body and soule, then it is a sweet Contemplation to consider the conjunction of our bodies and soules with Christ; which being made by the bond of the spirit in this life, shall never afterwards be cancelled. For let Death, wilde beasts, or birds devoure and teare the body from the soule, yet neither body nor soule are thereby severed from Christ.

Non curo, saith *Ignatius, si ferarum dentes me moluerint, modò pura fiam farina Christo.*

And yet the body thus consumed,

med, lives not in the grave, nor belly of the beast, nor yet receives life or sense from the soule, nor hath aptitude in it selfe to reanimation, whilest it is in this Seat.

The dead tree, saith *Job*, *by the scent of water will bud againe, but man is sicke and dyeth, and where is he?* Surely not lost, but laid a while at rest.

But when the great Assises, that generall *venite* comes; Then look what the condition of Christ was in his death, the like shall be of his members. The Body and Soule of Christ were severed as farre as heaven and the grave were distant; yet neither of them were parted from the God-head: So likewise our bodies and soules, though rent and pulled in sunder millions of miles distant; neither of them are severed or dis-joyned from Christ our head.

Qui prædixit, Revixit, and this hath wrought it. Humane wisedome cannot comprehend this: Weak faith looks for meanes,

and

and is put to shifts, when she sees them faile; and yet Reason ministers help to Faith, though it bee no ground of Faith: *Nam fides non tollit, sed potius extollit rationem.* Reason, the chiefest peece of man, would but cannot reach so high. Grace that hath taken up her seat in the Soule, makes Reason see what Nature cannot: And yet man, d what hee can, is still apt to seek reason why he should beleeve. But Omnipotencie, which works by improbabilities, tels us, there is no strong fairh where there is apparant meanes. Difficulties and improbabilities are the proper objects of faith, *Crede, quod non vides, & videbis, quod non credis.*

Philosophers say, that credulity upon weak grounds, is the daughter of Folly. But as opinion is owing unto reason, so is Faith to Religion. With them, to beleeve nothing for which they saw not reason, was counted wisdome.

But faith is not faith if reason comprehend it; Faith and Reason have

have their limits; where Reason ends, Faith begins: Of old it was the greatest argument for proofe of Christianity, the proceding of it contrary to reason.

In Nature we see that in Winter season, trees which seeme as dead, revive againe in the Spring: because the Body, Graines, & Armes of the Tree are joyned to the root, where the Sap lies all the Winter, and by meanes of conjunction it conveyes vegetation to all parts of the Tree: Even so mens bodies have their Winter, when they are turned into dust. *Homo arbor inversa, cujus radix in cœlis, rami in terra.* Mans life lies hid in Christ with God; Yet in the day of the Resurrection, by reason of this Mysticall Conjunction, divine and quickning vertue shal stream from Christ to his Elect, and cause them to resurge from grave to life eternall. For the head will not be without the members; where hee is, there they shall be also. Therefore incredulous Nature, shrink not at the

Possi-

possibility of Resurrection, when the God of Nature undertakes it.

It is noted how in that transfiguration, the body of *Moses* which was hid in the valley of Moab, appeared in the hill of Tabor, which assures that this body of ours, lodge it where you will, is not lost, but laid up to be raised to glory, as it was laid down in dust.

The incineration and diffipation of this dust shall have a recollection in the day of resurrection.

In the valley of dead bones, did not the Spirit say to *Ezechiel*, Prophesie upon these bones, and say, *O ye dry bones, I will cause breath to enter into you, I will lay sinewes upon you, and will bring up flesh, and you shall live? Awake then, and sing, you that dwell in dust*, saith *Esay*; for thy dew is as the dew of hearbs, & the earth shall cast out her dead, *I know* saith *Job, that my Redeemer liveth, and I shall see God face to face.* Our bodies you see, are not cast off by death, but put to new making. Therefore Saint *Bernard* upon the

losse

losse of his ffiend, expostulates thus with death; *Occidisti, possedisti, Sed, quid? corpus, non animam: & veniet aliquando Christus cum potestate, & majestate, carnẽ illam quærere, & illud corpus cadaverosum configurare corpori claritatis suæ.*

It is well for man, that his body by death becoms putrid, resolved and crumbled to nothing, else how would some mens corps be honoured, if not adored, after death?

Sleep saith now unto her Sister Death, *Awake thou that sleepest; for now is your salvation nearer, than when you beleeved.*

Why then should a man immoderately sorrow, since sorrow is good for nothing but for sinne; or grieve for the death of a friend; since, as *Seneca* saith, It is but envie, not sorrow? Now that the child is dead, wherefore should I fast or weep, said *David?* Griefe preceding evill, if it bee used for a remedy, cannot be too much: But that which followes an evill past remedy, cannot be too little. The

arrest

arreſt of Death ſhall not alwayes keepe him that lies downe in peace.

The bodies of Saints, ſaith *Auguſtine*, ſhall be raiſed, *Tantâ facilitate, quantâ felicitate*, with as much eaſe as happineſſe: *Nam mors tantùm intermittit vitam, non eripit*; it doth not diſanull, but diſcontinue life. And by our riſing we are remitted to our better right: A life which never dies, a morning that hath no Eve nor ending.

Now mee thinks I heare death ſay of life, as *John Baptiſt* ſaid of Chriſt, *He that commeth after me, is before mee.*

O ſweet word! Life, the beſt Monoſyllable in the world, Gods own attribute; *Deus vivit.* And *my ſoule* (ſaith *Job*) *ſhall live; for my Redeemer liveth.*

And is this life but the childe of death? Then bleſſed alſo bee the word *Death*, the mother of life, *I will no more call thee Marah, but Naomi*: for thou art not bitter, but ſweet, more pleaſant, though ſwif-

ter in thy gate than the Roe or Hinde. The Stoick could say, *Mors est quæ efficit, ut nasci non sit supplicium.* But what saith S. *John*? *I heard a voyce from heaven, saying, Write; Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, they die no more; Death hath no more power over them. All teares are wiped from their eyes.* Petronella the daughter of S. *Peter, febre moritur: rogatus Petrus, cur non illi secundis aliis succurreret; hoc illi præstare respondit:* it was better for her to die.

Compare life with death, and you will clearely see, how death, which seemes to dispossesse us of all, puts us in possession of more than that all:

Per varios casus, per tot discrimina rerum,
Tendimus in Latium, sedes ubi fata quietas Ostendunt.

It is but being which we have by birth. A better being is by death: *Esse naturæ est bene esse gratiæ, optimum esse gloriæ.* Mans happy being

is

is Eternity. Gods proper Name is *Being*. Being is our Christen name

Faine would man bee happy while he lives: But the world will scarce offord him a vacation unto sorrowes. No man can speak him happy, that hath a day to live. *Nescit enim quid serus vesper vehat.* There is divine Philosophy in that saying, *Others bring forth the best wine first, but thou bringest that which is best last.* The end of man is better than man, whose birth is Sin, his life Folly, his death Rottennesse.

Though we cannot brag of our Parentage, because *our father was an Amorite, our mother an Hittite*; And it is but a windy happinesse that is sought in titles taken upon others credit: yet it was happinesse to mee, that God wrapt me up in his Covenant, reserved mee for a time of truth, derived me of religious Parents, and made me a subject to vertuous and gracious Kings. Yet this birth brought me into a world of miseries, allowing no cea-

sing from sorrowes: *Ne natalem quidem excepit.* For crying was the first note of my being, *Calamitatis futuræ Propheta.*

Here I dwell cottaged in a house of clay, whose foundation is dust: but Death brings me to an habitation made without hands, everlasting in the heavens. *Ad excelsa sublatus inter felices currit animus, excipitque illum cœtus sacer*; Where, for Love, I shall bee a Son; for Birthright, an Heire; for Dignity, a King. Here I have conversed, and had commerce with men, there I shal have communion with Saints, fellowship with Angels; enjoy *visionem illam beatificam*, the immediate fruition of God and Christ.

O happy and safe condition of Gods children, whom paine thus easeth, Death revives, dissolution unites, sin glorifies: for we know, saith S. *Paul*, we that are in this tabernacle doe groane, being burthened, not for that we would be uncloathed, but cloathed upon; that mortality might be swallowed up of life. Old

Old father *Jacob*, when he was told of his son *Josephs* power in Egypt, was not satisfied to heare of his honours, but enquires of his life; Intimating, that life to come, is better than all the honours that are in Egypt, or fortunes that are on earth. Nor yet did *Josephs* life content him without his being with him: (For a good heart will be content to share with others in their miseries unbidden, but cannot endure to be happy alone) and therefore said, I will goe see him: counting it better to behold with the eye, than to walk in desires; for indeed the best things that are, pleasure us not in their being, but in our enjoying them.

The joy of Soule and Body at their meeting.

HAPPINESSE communicated, doubles it selfe; these two Cousins, Soule and Body, as *Mary* & *Elizabeth*, will haſten to meet in the Hil-countrey. And what then ſhall be the joy, when ſoule and body ſeparate for a ſeaſon, (although in the *interim* the Soule doth not wander and obambulate) ſhall meet again in joy, and mutually enjoy one the other? The ſoul ſaying to the body, riſe up my love, my faire one, and come away, for loe the Winter is paſt, the time of ſinging of birds is come.

The ſenſe of this delight and contentment did well appeare in that meeting betwixt *Jacob* and *Joſeph*, when mutuall loſſe and ſeparation for a while did more endeare each to other.

In-

Intermission of comfort hath this advantage, that it sweetens our delight more in the return, than was abated in the forbearance.

And was *Jacob* glad to leave his Country, and the Land of Promise, to see his younger sonne *Joseph*, though in Egypt? What then shall be the Soules joy, to end a pilgrimage in a strange Land, and go to see her elder brother Christ in heaven? In this respect, *Cupio dissolvi* was Saint *Pauls* wish. For this tedious mortality, please it how man can, will grow intolerable, if Death doe not disburden it. Long living so lodes us with sin, as sinne it selfe tyres at last him that loved it best.

It is an Inmate that will roost with us as long as life affords it house-roome, nor will it lodge alone, but still one sin will bring in another.

But through Death, the very body of Death, and burthen of sin are cast out both together.

Sith then the life I now lead is

beſet with Death, tends to Death, ends in Death, I will no longer miſtake tearmes, calling that Death which is life, that life which is Death: *Hanc eſſe mortem, quam nos vitam putamus: Illam vitam, quam nos pro morte timemus*; but will hold with Saint *Auguſtine*,

Per vitam ad mortem tranſitus eſt: per mortem ad vitam reditus eſt.

Death the Regeneration of the Soule.

I Think the Pagans had ſome ſenſe of this, who did celebrate the day of their death with mirth, and the day of their birth with mourning. And the conceit of thoſe Philoſophers was divine, who held, that although the Soule of man was then infuſed when man was made, yet is it new born when man dies. His body being the wombe, Death the Midwife which delivers that to ſorrow, this to glory.

Return thou to thy reſt, O my ſoul,

for

for God hath dealt bountifully with thee.

I can no otherwiſe joy in my birth, than did the Prophet *Jeremy*, who ſaid, *Let not the day wherein my mother bare me, be bleſſed.*

If we obſerve mans ingreſſe into the world, his progreſſe in it, his egreſſe out of it, wee muſt needs wonder, and ſay with *David*, *Lord, what is man?* And yet hee was a King that ſaid it.

Quis pavet? Quis flet? Quis eget? Quis errat? Solus (heu ſortes) homo. Sperat, optat, alget, volvit, explorat, queritur. Malorum omnia plena.

But to aſſure there are joyes in Death, what ſaith the Scripture to well-dying men?

Rejoyce, and lift up your heads, for now your Redemption draweth neere. This body ſhall riſe a glorious body, be a ſpirituall body, not in ſubſtance, but in quality; like that body of the Sonne of God.

Unto you that fear God, ſaith the Prophet *Malachy*, *The Son of righteouſnes ſhal ariſe with healing in his wings.*

The third generall Diviſion.

III.

When death is to be prepared for, and how.

The time when.

PLato, that *Deus Philoſophiæ*, ſaith, There is *nulla ſalutaris Philoſophia*, but *perpetua mortis meditatio*. And *ſine iſta meditatione tranquillo eſſe animo nemo poteſt*. Dreadfull Death laughes at the vaine conceits and precepts of humane tranquillity. It is, ſaith *Scipio*, the moſt honourable Philoſophy,

ſophy, to ſtudy a mans mortalitie: *Mortis meditatio eſt vitæ ſapientis*: Politicks ſay, *Totâ vitâ diſcendum eſt vivere*. But ſaith *Seneca*, *Hoc magis miraberis, Totâ vitâ diſcendum eſt mori*. The Divine ſaith beſt, *Cogita de fine infinito, & vives in infinitum*.

Fooles would faine doe at laſt, that which wiſe men doe at firſt, Prepare for their end. Careleſſe men think the Signiory of time is at their command, to do what they liſt, when they liſt. Indeed youth and age arè meaſured by government, not by time: Time it ſelfe is *menſura Temporis*: but wee muſt conſider, wee have little power over the preſent, leſſe over the future. *Davids* example is worth the following, who cryed, *Betimes, Lord, let mee know mine end, and the meaſure of my dayes, what it is, and how long I have to live. All the dayes of mine appointed time*, ſaith *Job*, *I will watch till my changing ſhall come*.

Time it ſelfe, which covers all that's

that's paſt, and diſcovers all that is to come, hath now had all his changes: Natures time is paſt, The Law which ſucceeded is aboliſhed. Now is the Goſpels time, after which there ſhall be no more changes.

Change (the great Maſter of the world) that hath this time for his Agent, abuſeth many with the hope of Time. It is true, There is nothing our own but time, which is a ſervant equall to all, holds pace, and flies as faſt in idleneſſe as in buſineſſe:

So that though time well ſpent diminiſhes our time, yet when it is employed in timely preparation, it layes up time as treaſure for a future time; and thus is rather a huſbanding than conſuming of time. *Diem perdidimus*, ſaid *Veſpaſian*. He lives in ſafety, that watches his time: but in reckoning of time moſt men miſ-caſt it, counting for firſt, that which is laſt; and that laſt, which is firſt: beginning the account from the day of birth: where-

as our deaths day, is our first day; for the last of life, is the first day to life, we then ceasing to dye, when we leave to live.

Solebat dicere Fabianus; In tria tempora vita dividitur: Quod est, Quod fuit, Quod futurum est; Ex his, quod agimus breve est: Quod acturi sumus, dubium; Quod egimus, certum.

Reckon first with time past, and you may make time to come certaine. *Nondum venit hora*, deceives many a man; but when the Sunne comes to the Meridian, the yeere to the Solstice, then look for a turning of thy dayes: Impose an honest and happy necessity upon thy selfe, and think of dying timely.

The Scepticks put a *fortasse* upon all things in the world. But saith Saint *Augustine*, There is no one thing in the world to bee named, where this word *fortasse* had no place, except you speak of Death: *Hîc solùm fortasse locum habere non potest.*

It

It may be ſaid of Death, as is of the Kingdome of Heaven, it comes not by obſervation. He lives not, that knowes where, when, or how he ſhall dye. Yet none lives, but knowes he muſt dye.

Mors omnibus finis, multis remedium, quibuſdam votum: de nullis melius merita, quàm quibus accidit, antequam vocaretur. Therefore ſaid one, *Dementiæ eſt*, it is more than folly not to be prepared for death. *Sed ſi mortem venientem præmeditamur, tunc ſuperatur.* The preparation for Death, makes a fruition of life. *Nemo propter canos & rugas diu vixit*; yet never man preſerved himſelfe from dying, by forgetting Death. *Gerſon* brings in an Engliſh-man asking a French-man, *Quot annos habes?* How many yeers are you? His anſwer was, *Annos non habeo*, I am of no yeers at all, but Death hath forborne me theſe fifty yeers.

Look at Death thorow a perſpective, that ſo it may ſeeme at hand, though it be far off: *Ante ſenectutem*

tem curandum bene vivere, in senectute bene mori.

The very Heathens through Natures instinct, provided themselves for Death by Sacrifices to their gods.

Frange Toros, Pete vina, Rosas ampe, Tangere nardos;

Ipse jubet mortis te meminisse Deus.

A faire way of dying well.

SOlomon saying, that *the day of death was better than the day of birth*, inferred that there was a faire way of dying well, whereunto two things were most requisite.

First, a timely preparation before death was most requisite.

Nam facilè sustinet, qui expectat mortem.

That Oracle of Mortall men, wise *Seneca* was wont to say, *Sæpe debemus*

debemus mori, nec volumus; morimur, nec volumus. Wee ought often to prepare for death, and will not: at last we die indeed, and would not. *Cesar Borgias* being sick to death, said, When I lived, I provided for every thing, but Death; now I must die, and am unprovided to die.

Previous preparation becomes a wise man, *Sed in hoc errore omnes versamur, quòd non putamus nisi senes ad mortem vergere; citamur nec sensu, nec ætate. Mors, quo facilius obrepat, sub ipso vitæ nomine latet:* Hee that sees the Basilisk before he bee seene of it, avoids the poyson: See death before it comes, you shal not feele it when it comes.

Procrastination is the great enemie to preparation. This *vox Corvina*, that alwayes cries *Cras, Cras*, couzens many a man, making him *perdere hodiernum*, trusting upon to morrow. Saith *Tibullus, Jam mala fugissem letho, sed credula vitæ spes abit, & melius cras fore, semper ait*: but trust not to that: *Ille sapit, quisquis Post-*

Posthume, vixit heri. We pray daily, Lord give us this day our daily bread. *Dum dicitur, Hodiè*, we should remember, Life is but a day, *Dies, non seculum*, Wherefore saith Solomon, *Talke not of to morrow, nescit enim quid superveniura parte dies.*

By deferring we presume upon that we have not, and neglect that we have.

Quod in manu fortunæ positum est, disponimus; quod in tua est dimittis: which made the Heathen Poet, *divino furore instinctus*, utter *hoc salutare carmen,*

Optima quaque dies, miseris mortalibus, avi, Prima fugit.

Therefore, *noli tardare*, delay not thy prepare for death till the approaches of death. *Recordare novissimum, & non peribis in æternum.*

In evils to be prevented, delay is a kinde of ease, not so in good things.

Doe therefore the work of the day *in die suo*. No man can promise himselfe a morrow.

Fler:

Fleres, si scires unum tua tempora mensem.

Rides, cùm non sit forsitan una dies.

Every man hath his day. Jerusalem, *hadd'st thou known this but in this thy day*, thou wouldest not, &c. *Est & dies hominis, & dies Domini.* When mans day is past, then Gods day comes. *Nam vita est nisi vigilia*, The eve another day.

A man, saith *Luther*, lives forty yeers before he knowes himselfe to be a foole, and by that time he sees his folly, his life is finished. So men die before they begin to live.

The case therefore of those men is most unhappy, who after forty or fifty yeers of dayes, in their misspent time (for it was but *tempus*, not *vita*) and now ready to dye, are even then to learn how to die, when they are in the Act of dying.

Quo tam stulta mortalitatis ob-

livio,

Inde

Inde velle vitam inchoare; quò panci perduxerimus?

To die well is too busie a work to be done well *extempore.*

Deferring as well as presuming, makes many men implicite Atheists.

It was a sweet speech, and might well have become an elder body, which a young innocent childe of my own used in extremity of sicknesse, Mother, what shall I doe? I shal die before I know what Death is. I beseech you tell mee what is Death, and how I should die. Death is the known'st and unknown'st thing in the world. *Certè multùm interest, peccare aliquis nolit, an nescit.* But there is *nil miserius morienti, quàm nescire mori*; nay, saith one, *Tolerabilius est non esse, quàm nescire mori.*

Sith then it is a thing as well naturall as necessary for a man to die, it is no thankes to a man to pay that willingly, which he must doe of necessity. But in paying of this

this debt, wisdome counsels two things:

First, to consider the time when.

Secondly, the meanes, how.

For the time; Seek not Death in the errour of thy life. *Remember thy Creator in the dayes of thy youth, while the evil dayes come not, nor the yeers approach wherein thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in you. Before the silver cord be loosed, the golden Ewer broken: Before the Almond-tree flourish, and the Grashopper be a burthen: Before the keepers of the house shall tremble, the strong men bow, the grinders cease; they wax dark that look out of the windowes, and the daughters of Musick be brought low.*

Old *Barzillai* being in this case, refused all the pleasures of a Kings house, though hee was kindly intreated by the King himselfe.

Age or sickness will make a man unapt either to compose, or dispose himselfe to death. *Tunc tibi cerda fluunt, ingrataque tempora.* It is no fit time then to prepare to die, when it is a burthen to live; So in the

the Law; God required the first fruits, not the lees for his portion. From the wombe of the morning thou hast the dew of thy youth.

Old age it selfe is a young death: Age doth solicite Death, Youth scornes it. Thy best health affords but time good enough for this businesse. Therefore dedicate not all thy times to businesse; for that as well as sloth may rob thee of thy time. Some talents improve most by laying up.

Three signes of approaching Death.

DOe you desire some signes of death, before you prepare your selfe for death? *Tres sunt mortis nuntii, casus, infirmitas, senectus. Casus dubia, infirmitas gravia, senectus certa denunciat. Casus nuntiat mortē latentē, infirmitas apparentē, senectus præsentē.* Age and sickness summon men to their dissolution.

When

When *Ezechiah* had been ſicke unto death, he wrote thus: *In the cutting off my dayes, I ſhall go to the gates of the grave. I reckoned to the morning, I ſhall make weekly all my yeares, in the bitternesse of my ſoule.*

Thus it fareth with every man in age or ſicknes; when a man begins to be ſick, his ſenſes are wholly buſied about the diſeaſe. The Phyſician is then conferring with him of the ſtate of his body: The Lawyer is then conſulted with about thy worldly ſtate: The Miniſter touching thy ſoules health: Thy friends are then unwelcome; Strangers trouble thee; Viſits offend thee; thy own ſervans cannot pleaſe thee; Other mens diſcourſes tire thee; to ſpeak thy ſelfe ſpends thee; and to be ſilent grieves thee; not to be told how thou doeſt, vexes thee; to bee told how ill thou art, diſcomforts thee; but it moſt of all afflicts thee, to ſee thy wife and children (thoſe peeces of thy ſelfe in another kinde) weeping and lamenting by thee.

Thus

Thus miserably we poore men at this time are distressed, and distracted, made unfit for any thing. At the houre of death purturbations arising from the greatnesse of griefes, and the neereneſſe of death, have great force to disturbe the senses, and will disable the heart from lifting it selfe up to God; for where dolours are, there will be our cogitations: every man in paine is prone to love his body better than his soule; therefore it is a madneſſe in a buſineſſe of the soule, to tarry and await for the worst disposition of the body. A lover of vertue, at the point of death, will secretly study how to avoid the paines of death, which at other times hee despised. God knowes, a due preparation for death requires all the faculties and strength of a sound, perfect, and whole man.

Think not to serve God with thy dotage, when thou hast served thy pleasures with thy youth; God for his service will have the young

Isaac

Isaac of thine age. You shall not see my face, saith *Joseph, except you bring your younger brother with you.*

Every man naturally, when he comes neere the gpale of death, even for some intrinsecall cause, though unknown to himselfe, is then weary of himselfe, and entertaines life with a tedious dislike. *Tunc injucunda est rei pœnitendæ recordatio,* distasting every thing neglecting every thought of all humane affaires.

Nec juvenì lusus qui placuere juvant.

In the straits of death, then hee prayes, God deliver me; then hee thinks, O how I am straitned till it be accomplished; *Abyssus abyssum invocat*: Sad words, breathing sorrowes.

But this should have been done, when strength of understanding served, *Nam serum est tunc vivere incipere, cùm desinendum. O Anima peccatrix! O Tepida et negligens, quandum in vivis fuisti,* Never lookt to

heaven; *quid agis*, when thou art to depart, *è corpore tantopere amato*. Then to see thy selfe besieged, *hinc doloribus, illinc angustiis mortis*; the worme of conscience gnawing, evil spirits tempting to despaire, thine owne thoughts casting up thy sins, *Quid facies anima miserabilis? Quo te vertes? comparere erit intolerabile, latere impossibile.* Therefore bee wise, and deferre not thy Repentance to this time; for at this time these perturbations and confusions will make thee unfit, *cogitare de salute.* Saint *Augustine* sayes well, *Nemo potest malè mori qui bene vixit, & bene mori qui malè vixerit*; therefore, *ut tutiùs possis vivere & mori securiùs*; Repent betimes.

The little Bee, so soone as flowers spring, goes abroad, viewes the gay Diapery, and the diversitie of the flowery fields, sucks the sweetest of them, fraights her thighes, makes a curious combe, and so betimes hoards up Honey in Summer against the Winter.

Mors hyems est; orate ne fiat fuga vestra

veſtra hyeme. Why is the Winter harder to the Graſhopper than to the Ant? Prudencie in one, and imprudencie in the other differs them. To a wiſe heart, expectation of the event it a great advantage.

Think not thou the winter of thine age, a time fit enough for this work. *Manna* muſt be gathered in the morning; the orient pearle is generated of the morning dew.

It is too late, when time is paſt, before you begin. Happy is the man, who improves the dayes of his youth to the prevention of evill: previſion is the beſt prevention. It is ſaid of Father *Jacob*, who was a great Traveller, that before he dyed, *Pedes ſuos ad ſe collegit*; *Sic tu animi pedes.* Thoſe cogitations and affections, *quibus vivens totum orbem peragrâſti*; Gather them up, and then repoſe to reſt. Begin not then to turne to God, when thou canſt not turne thee in thy bed. None can bee good too

early. Christ in all his Examples ment our Instructions; he went up to the Temple in his Nonage: The foure Ages of men are resembled to the foure vigils of the night; *Prima pueritiam; Secunda adolescentiã; Tertia virilem*; *Quarta senectutem adumbrat:* The first and last are sleepie Ages; the other are the vigorous times. Therefore *paret se homo, præcingat se secunda & tertia.* These are the watches Christ mentions for his comming: *Blessed is that servant whom his Lord, when he cometh, shall finde so doing:* But if that servant say in his heart, my Lord delayes his comming; the Lord of that servant will come in a day when he looks not for him.

Repentance when to be practised.

REpentance also in the time of sickness is commonly as sick as the party, yeelding then, when it cannot resist; and then preparing and

and repenting, when all other helps and hopes faile.

Eloquent Death, *in die ſuo* will tell thee, the happineſſe of timely repentance; an houre here may obtaine a pardon, which all eternity cannot get hereafter.

Truſt not long life, nor late repentance. One ſaith well, Play not the Courtier with your ſoule. The Courtier doth all things late, riſes late, dines late, ſups late, repents late.

Serapœnitentia rarò vera.

The dew of thy birth is of the wombe of the morning.

The end of time affords little time, *Omnis motus naturalis velocior eſt in fine.* Holy *Job* tels us, *If thy bones be full of the ſinne of thy youth, they wil lie down with thee in the duſt. Sed moriantur ante mortem vitia, & ad judicium non ſequantur.* When death hath foulded up thy daies, all opportunity is paſt. The Cock crowed; but that *Gallicinium*, ſo ſhril a voice could not awake thee. Therefore *Cygnicinium*, that dole-

full muſick muſt end the Scene.

Doe therfore by thy conſcience, as men deale with their Stewards, call it to account *ante mortem, & audies mortem dicentem, Non poſſis vellicare amplius*; Ply time while you have it, *Mercatum hanc vitam puta, ſed nec nundinæ poſt vitam nec quæſtus loci.*

In a long miſ-led life we amaſſe many ſinnes; it will aske great labour to quit them. Great labour and little time ſuit not. Therefore work while it is day: *The night commeth when no man can work.* Watch and pray, *Sit oratio clavis diei, & ſera noctis: Repent and bee converted*, ſaith S. *Peter, that your ſins may be blotted out when the time of refreſhing ſhall come. Few and evill are the dayes* of the longeſt lived man; Yet to every man there is a *Triduum*, a ſpace of three daies lent, but ſleep non; *uſque Quatriduum*, leſt it be ſaid, *Hee hath lyen foure dayes in the grave: Jam fœtat.*

One obſerveth, that God reſtored life to three men; to one in his bed,

bed, to another on the beare, to the third in the grave.

They that conceive ſin in their hearts, are like to him that was dead in his bed. They that bring it forth to action, are like him that was brought forth dead on his beare; But they that deferre and continue in ſinne, are like him that was foure dayes dead and ſtank in his grave. The Primitive Church called them *Clinici Chriſtiani*, Bedred Chriſtians that prepared not for death, but upon their deaths-bed.

There is no ſafety in procraſtinating; therefore flatter not thy ſelfe by the theeves example, who repented, but in *illa hora*. That is not put for imitation, but to keep from deſperation.

It is a ſtrange thing to ſee that old men will not ſee death, though it be before their faces; nor young men, though it ſtand at their backs. The old gray-headed man to ſeeme young, had coloured his haire black, but the devill told him he would not be ſo cozened.

Non omnes fallis, scit te Proserpina canum.

If man marke things well,

Mundus ipse senescit.

The common fashion is to put men in minde of their death, when we doubt they cannot live: Till the Physitian finde some ill symptomes, the patient may not be disheartned with the name of death. *Zenas* the Lawyer, and *Luke* the Physician must have given us over, before wee will send for *Barnabas* the son of Consolation: *Vbi desinit medicus, incipit dominus*, say most men. But at this time draw not the Curtaine before the sick, but let him see his sins; for he is the good Physician of my soule, that tels me of death, when hee sees me live in sinne. But the best physick the patient liketh worst.

There is not any man so wicked, who with his good will would die in his sin; yet most men so live, as if they beleeved permission were the

the Article of their faith all their life long, and the Article of Remiſſion of ſins were reſerved till the point of death. No man that truly repents is refuſed at any time; but many a one ſinnes ſo long that he cannot repent.

Terrible will death be, when the dying man with griefe for opportunity loſt, will repent that ever he lived, and would count it happineſſe enough to die, ſo he might then ceaſe to be. But that will not be, *Quia mors eſt ſine morte, ſemper vivit ſemper occidit, ſed nunquam præoccidit*; Death hath no death.

That which ends all is without all end. Remember the fooliſh Virgins: It will be too late to prepare oile, when the Bridegroome is coming. The warning is given, *Be yee ready, for the Son of man comes at an houre. Non dicit annum, aut menſem, tùm ne ſecurus per horam conſtet.* He ſaith, *Ecce venio ſicut fur*; that is, when you ſleep beſt, and think leaſt of him: *Dum nec mortem irruentem, nec Judicem venientem, nec*

ſupplicium horrendum vidimus : In Hell men ſleep not, becauſe here they ſlept where they ſhould have watched.

Settlement in Religion, is the beſt Preparative for death.

NOw as it is wiſdome to bee prepared for death; ſo if you will die with peace of conſcience, and without trouble of minde, bee well reſolved in point of Religion before you die: play not the hypocrite, nor the politick, who cares not what Religion be, ſo ſome be; whoſe rule is, *Religio ad morem, non ad rem pertinet.*

It is true that honeſt men muſt have ſomewhat of the Serpent, not all of the Dove. For policie and Religion doe as well together, as they doe ill aſunder. Religion without policie is too ſimple to be ſafe: Policie without Religion is too ſubtill

till to be good. Worſe than both is prophane Neutrality, or *Laodicean* coldneſſe. Never any man was a loſer by beleeving: for faith is ever recompenced with glory; while thou livedſt, it was not amiſſe to make doubts; for it ſhewes wit to move a queſtion wel, and it ſhewes judgement to reſolve well. Some queſtions argue rather faith than doubt. In multitude of opinions there is but one truth, and amongſt ſundry truths there is but one neceſſary to ſalvation. But in points of difference diſtinguiſh: for in reconciliable differences, nothing is more ſafe then indifferency: But in maine oppoſitions be not neuter: for it is a leſſe eye-ſore to God to goe upright in a wrong way, than to halt in a right way.

Though you move doubts, yet dwell not in doubt. For you ſhall finde it a fearefull thing to die in doubt; and the comfortableſt thing under heaven, to be well aſſured, and cleerely reſolved in the truth of your faith before you die.

Some

Some love to ſee the object of their faith, and ſo are led to Idolatry; Others to co-operate in the work of their ſalvation, and ſo give part to merit: *Nil tibi tribuas*, is ſafeſt. There is danger in aſcribing too little to grace, for that robs God of honour. But if we aſcribe too little to our ſelves, there is no danger on that ſide.

When this is done, then be of good cheere, for thou ſhalt heare Chriſt (the life of thy hope here, and hope of thy life hereafter) ſay unto thy ſick ſoule, as he ſayd unto the ſinfull woman, *Goe in peace, thy faith hath ſaved thee, enter thou into thy Maſters joy.*

And let all conceited humaniſts remember what their maſter *Ariſtotle* ſaid when he died: *Anxius vixi, dubius morior: O Ens entium, miſerere mei.*

Sed parum prodeſt amodò miſerere mei.

Now

Now of the way to die well.

HE that would end his dayes well, muſt ſpend them well: *Non eſt res magna vivere: Hoc omnes faciunt: ſed pauci bene moriuntur. Et illi Mors gravis incubat, qui notus nimis omnibus, ignotus moritur ſibi.* Man is ready to die before he lives; but therefore liveth a time in the world, that hee may die betimes to world. *His yeers come to an end as a tale that is told:* his dayes deceive him; for they paſſe as a ſhadow by Moonſhine, then appearing longeſt, when they draw neareſt to an end.

Things give councell unto men, better than men doe to the things. Here we dwell but in Tents; and Tents, wee know, are ſet up to bee taken down again ſhortly.

We that live here, live by death; for had not Chriſt died, we had not lived; he dyed for ſinne, we live in

ſin.

ſin. Therefore with S. *Paul* I will ſay; *My life is not deare unto me, ſo as I may finiſh my courſe with joy.*

Doe you deſire to live a long time? The Son of *Sirach* ſaith, *A man that is made perfect in a ſhort time, fulfils a long time. Et vita ipſa, ſi ſcias uti, longa eſt.* The Spaniard ſaith, *Vir bonus bis vivit.*

Ampliat ætatis ſpatium ſibi vir bonus; hoc eſt, vivere bis, vita poſſe priore frui. He lives twice that beſtowes the fore-part of his life well.

Vincere ſcis Hanibal, uti victoria neſcis.

Alexander had a good account of his age, reckoning by victories, not by daies; So ſhould good men count their dayes by the good they doe, or the ſin they conquer in that day.

Numbring of dayes, ſaith Saint *Auguſtine*, is not *numerus dierum quis ſit*, but *qui ſit*, that's the golden number.

Tres ſunt dies hominum, ſaith Saint *Hierome*, *dies converſionis, dies converſationis, dies reſurrectionis.* And thus doth one day certifie another.

Time

Time lent us flyes away in the time that is lent us, every moment comming, being the death of that is past: Therefore weigh well every least moment; for it is of so great moment, as that upon it depends eternity of time to come, that eternity which is not bounded within the Kalender of time; After a hundred thousand yeeres eternity is still as long as it was.

THe Art of dying well is better learn't by practice, than by precept.

Unto dying well three things are most requisite:

1 First, to be often meditating upon death.

2 Secondly, to be dying daily.

3 Thirdly to die by little and little.

The first step of dying well.

OFten meditation of Death brings a man to die in ease; for it alleviates pains, expels feares, eases

eaſes cares, cures ſinnes, corrects Death it ſelfe. The very thought of eternity will pleaſant and make eaſie all things we ſuffer in a miſerable life.

Quo modo non morimur, cùm vivitur mortuis? We live with ſo many deaths about us, as we cannot but often think of dying.

Every humour in us engenders diſeaſes enough to kil us, ſo that our bodies are but living graves; and we die, not becauſe we are ſick, but becauſe we live. And when we recover from ſickneſſe we eſcape not ſickneſſe, but the diſeaſe: All this life is but a Death of an houre.

Doe as the Preacher counſels; What thou haſt to doe, that doe quickly; For in the grave, whither thou goeſt, there is neither work, nor diſcourſe, nor travell, nor wiſdome, nor converſation, nor fruition of any thing; all is entombed in ſadnes, darknes overſhadowing it.

Play then the wiſe mans part; Meaſure not life, *ſpatio, ſed actu*. Life is ordained for Action, not for fruition.

tion. If thou haſt any good to doe for the Church, the Commonwealth, or thy Friends, *fac citò*: for though he be happieſt that can enjoy a little with the peace of an honeſt heart, yet if thou haſt much goods laid up in ſtore, make thee friends with thy Mammon: *nam bona tua ſunt bona, ſi tu ſis bonus.* Though Security reſts in a meane ſtate, yet there is pleaſure in abundance; and for ſpirituall ends, temporall bleſſings may be deſired. *Abraham* was rich in great meaſure; but rich in faith above meaſure. But ſing not a *requiem* to thy ſoul; nor ſay vainly, *Vivamus dum vivimus, ſors fortunâ, ut volet, ordinet:* for ſo doth a minde uncertain of ſucceſſe releeve it ſelfe with poſſibility: *Sed ſi cor tuum non eſſet fatuum, non crederes fatuum.* Wiſdome is Fortunes miſtreſſe; wait on her, and remember, *Hac nocte*, the day of vanity being paſt, the night of Judgement comes: when both light and delight goe out together.

Excellently doth the Book of Wiſdome

Wiſdome deſcry the thoughts of a vaine voluptuous man, one that thinks himſelf *Deus terræ*, when he is but *terreus Deus*. This man reaſoning with himſelfe but not aright, ſaith, Our life is ſhort and tedious, againſt Death there is no remedy, from the grave there is no returning; we are born at all adventures, and hereafter ſhall be as if we had never been: Our breath is ſmoak, a little ſpark in our hearts, which being extinct, our body turnes to aſhes; and our ſpirit vaniſhes like ſoft aire. Come on therefore, let us enjoy the good things that are preſent, let us fill our ſelves with coſtly wine and oyntments: let no flowre of the Spring paſſe by us: Let us crowne our ſelves with Roſe-buds, leave tokens of our jollity; for this is our portion, and our lot: let our ſtrength be the law of Juſtice: for that which is feeble is nothing worth.

The righteous man is not for our turn, he is alwayes contrary to

our

our doings, he upbraideth us with the law, objects to our infamie the transgression of our education: Hee was made to reprove us: Hee is therefore grievous to us, his life is not like other mens, his wayes are of another fashion.

Such things these vaine men have imagined, but they are deceived: when they cast up the account of their own sinnes, they shall come with feare, and say with sorrow, This was hee whom we had sometimes in derision, and made a proverb of reproach. We fooles accounted his life madnesse, and his end to be without honour.

But how is he now numbred amongst the happy, and his lot amongst the Saints? what hath pride profited us, or what hath riches with our vantings brought us? All these are passed away like a shadow, and as a post that runneth by. This verifies that saying, *Breve est quod delectat, sed æternum quod cruciat.*

In vaine doth man strive to have that which he cannot enjoy, or to enjoy

enjoy much by meere relation. The rich man hath not ſo much advantage of the poore by enjoying, as the poore hath of the rich by leaving.

Sadly and ſuddenly ſhalt thou finde all worldly pleaſures turned into walking dreames.

Dormiêrunt ſomnum ſuum, & nihil invenerunt omnes viri divitiarum, ſaith the Pſalmiſt.

Notwithſtanding, man while he lives, fancies many things, and covets without end; but all to no end. *Et quæ parâſti, cujus erunt?* Either they paſſe from you, or you from them. *Non eſt noſtrum, quod non eſt ſemper noſtrum:* but theſe things, *Si non habent finem ſuum, habebunt finem tuum.* All the towers in the ayre that thou haſt built, *uno ictu proſternentur.* Ere long two ells of earth ſhall ſerve, whom ſcarce a world could ſatisfie.

Privacie

Privacie with death, a soveraigne cordiall against DEATH.

THerefore be acquainted with Death betimes, for through acquaintance Death will loſe his horrour; like unto an ill face, though it bee as formidable as a Monſter, yet often viewing will make it familiar, and free it from diſtaſte: walk every day with *Joſeph* a turn or two in thy Garden with Death, and thou ſhalt bee well acquainted with the face of death, but ſhalt never feele the ſting of Death; Death is black, but comely. *Philoſtrates* lived ſeven yeers in his Tombe, that he might be acquainted

quainted with it againſt his bones came to lie in it.

Some Philoſophers have beene ſo wrapt in this Contemplation of death and immortality, that they diſcourſe ſo familiarly and pleaſingly of it, as if a faire death were to bee perferred before a pleaſant life.

This is well for Natures part; and Moraliſts think this is enough for their part to conceive ſo: But Chriſtians muſt goe further, and ſearch deeper: They muſt trie where the power of Death lies, They ſhall finde that the power of every mans death lies in his own ſinnes.

That death never hurts a man, but with his own weapon: It alwayes turnes upon us ſome ſinne it finds in us. *The ſting of death is ſin:* Pluck out the ſting, death cannot hurt us. The way to die well, is to die often. Let a man often and ſeriouſly think of dying, then let him ſin if he can, ſaid *Picus Mirandula.* And herein is our happineſſe;

neſſe; though we live in ſin, yet we die without ſin, Therefore to mee death is welcome, not as an end of troubles, but of ſin.

The ſecond Step.

THe ſecond Step to dying well, is to die daily.

Morior ne moriar, I die daily, ſaith ſaint *Paul*. *Singulos dies, ſingulas vitas puta; qui enim omnes dies tanquàm vitam ordinat, craſtinum nec optat, nec timet.*

The old ſaying is a good one, Doe that every day, which thou wouldeſt doe the ſame day that thou dyeſt: *Bonum eſt conſumere vitam ante mortem:* But moſt men *de vita exeunt, antequam de morte cogitant*. Let be done willingly, what we muſt doe neceſſarily, and what wee can doe but once, let that bee done well: Yeeld that readily as a gift, which you muſt pay, as a debt at

at laſt. Did men think that death were onely an end of life, and no more: every man for his own ends would be a diſturber of the worlds peace while hee lived, and make his own peace but juſt when hee dyed.

He that dies daily, ſeldome dies dejectedly; *facilè contemnit mortem, qui ſe quotidiè moriturum putat:* likewiſe, he that will live when hee dies, muſt die while he lives. For if hee die not to ſin while hee lives, his ſin will live in him when hee is dead.

The widow that lives in pleaſure (ſaith Saint *Paul*) *is dead while ſhe lives.* Live holily, and you ſhall die happily: Live as though there were no Goſpel, but die as though there were no Law. *Studeto talem eſſe in vitâ, qualem velis repeiriri in morte.*

Two

Two ſorts of Death whereto every man living is ſubject.

A Living man is ſubject to a double Death: The one naturall, the other ſpirituall. Naturall Death doth but ſeparate the body from the ſoule: But ſpirituall Death ſeperates the ſoule from God. Of all other, it is the moſt deſperate ſtate of life to live naturally, and to be dead ſpiritually: *Thou haſt a name to live, but thou art dead*, ſaid S. *John* of the Church of *Sardis*. But of the Prodigall child returned from his evil wayes, it is ſaid, *This my ſonne was dead, but is now alive.*

In *Sardis* there grew an herbe called *Appium Sardis*, that would make a man lie laughing when he was deadly ſick: Such is the operation of Sin. Beware therefore of this *Riſus Sardonicus*.

Wee count it a fearefull thing for a man to bee author of his own death; but a ſinfull life ſlayes the ſoule, and ſo while we live, we kill or loſe our better life. The Commandement that ſayes, *Thou ſhalt not kill*, ſpecially forbids the murthering of our own ſoules.

Certainly that which deprives us of our better life, makes of all other the worſt death.

It is therefore holy wiſdome for a man to let his ſins die before him. *Moriantur ante te vitia*, They actually, thou virtually: that ſo when thou art to die indeed, thou have nothing elſe to doe, but die.

Mortem horres amaram, ſubitam, turbulentam: vis placidam, piam, quietam? in tua eſt poteſtate, qualem vis efficere.

If Riches, Honours, Pleaſures have taken thee, leave them or they leave thee; and ſay unto them, as *Job* ſaid to his friends, *Miſerable comforters are you all.*

Turba ejicitur, ut puella excitetur

ſait

ſaith Saint *Mark*. Thy Soule lies as that Damoſell in trances of death, while ſhee is in the chambers of pleaſure, and is not raiſed to life; *Antequam turba curarum & deliciarum mundanarum ejicitur.*

There is nothing wherein wiſedome is more ſeene than in the temperate uſe of pleaſures and proſperity; (which are but falſe notes of truth) nor is there a truer argument of folly than vainneſſe and exceſſe.

Oculi ſtultorum ſemper in finibus terræ, but traile not after them.

Sufficit diei dolor ſui: A dayes ſickneſſe will make us ſenſible of lifes griefe; yet if life doe delight thee (becauſe *Ironies* doe deny ſtrongeſt in affirming) *utere & fruere.* But take my counſell, keep life in exerciſe of ſome calling. For you ſhal finde that exerciſe is no more wholſome for the body than the ſoule; *Non eſt res delicata vivere*; Wee muſt labour in ſome calling: wherefore to ſee well-borne men to deſpiſe honeſt cal-

Wee count it a fearefull thing for a man to bee author of his own death; but a ſinfull life ſlayes the ſoule, and ſo while we live, we kill or loſe our better life. The Commandement that ſayes, *Thou ſhalt not kill*, ſpecially forbids the murthering of our own ſoules.

Certainly that which deprives us of our better life, makes of all other the worſt death.

It is therefore holy wiſdome for a man to let his ſins die before him. *Moriantur ante te vitia*, They actually, thou virtually: that ſo when thou art to die indeed, thou have nothing elſe to doe, but die.

Mortem horres amaram, ſubitam, turbulentam: vis placidam, piam, quietam? in tua eſt poteſtate qualem vis efficere.

If Riches, Honours, Pleaſures have taken thee, leave them ſo they leave thee; and ſay unto them, as *Job* ſaid to his friends, *Miſerable comforters are you all.*

Turba ejicitur, ut puella excitetur

ſal

faith Saint *Mark*, Thy Soule lies
es that Damosell in trances of
death, while shee is in the cham-
bers of pleasure, and is not raised
to life; *Antequam turba curarum*
& deliciarum mundanarum ejicitur.
There is nothing wherein wise-
dome is more seene than in the tem-
perate use of pleasures and prospe-
rity; (which are but false notes of
truth) nor is there a truer argu-
ment of folly than vainnesse and
excesse.
Oculi stultorum semper in finibus
terræ, but traile not after them.
Sufficit diei dolor sui: A dayes
sickneſſe will make us sensible of
lifes griefe; yet if life doe delight
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strongest in affirming) *utere & fru-*
ere. But take my counsell, keep
life in exercise of some calling.
for you shal finde that exercise is
no more wholsome for the body
than the soule; *Non est res delicata*
vivere; Wee must labour in some
calling: wherefore to see well-
borne men to despise honest cal-

lings, as now adaies they doe, is a pride without wit. And though pride and idleneſſe have at this day baniſhed thrifty diligence out of great mens houſes, yet we ſee gallant *Abſalom* was a great Sheepmaſter; *Vzziah* the potent King of Judah had not beene ſo great a King, had he not beene ſo great a husband: Good examples to teach us, That the fortunes of great men, and the bravery of Courtiers, muſt bee built upon the grounds of Frugality: Frugality and Humility are thriving vertues: Were a calling but to keep a man from idleneſſe, it were a goodneſſe: for the induſtrious man is ſeldome at leaſure to ſinne; whereas the idle man hath neither leaſure nor power to avoid ſin. Induſtry in any calling makes a man capable of better employment, whereas Idles are fit for nothing but temptations.

Time ſpent in hollow viſits, eſt, Courtings, Fantaſtick dreſſing Lawleſſe diſports, all turn to loſ

B

But however thou entertaineſt life, uſe it as a traveller doth his Inne, for a night, and away: *Heri appuliſti, Cras decedes*: And in thy journey follow not the common track; *Nam ad Deum faciens iter, ubi trita ſi itur, longiùs abitur*: But goe as a doubtfull Pilgrime, aske queſtions of every one you meet, to ſet you on your way; leſt, as Saint *Paul* ſaith, *A promiſe being made us of entring into reſt, we come ſhort of it*. Herein bee as great a queſtioneſt, as were theſe religious Ladies of Rome, who never left S. *Hierome* reſt for queſtions, which was the readieſt way to heaven: The world is full of queſtions, but the beſt queſtion in the world is that of the young man in the Goſpel; *Good Maſter what ſhall I doe that I may have eternall life?* Some mens Queſtions are inſtructions, and are meant to teach rather than to learne. Yet in any caſe bee none of thoſe Queriſts, who muſt have a reaſon for every thing in Religion, who think to

come to God by cunning, and by reaſon, not by Faith. As if none but good wits could ever come to God. But this is true, Humane reaſon well improved makes us the more capable of Divine. Therefore it is an ignorant conceit, that skill ſhould make men *Athiſts* when we finde it in the Goſpel, that no men were ſo apt to ſee the Starre of Chriſt, as thoſe wiſe men, the Diſciples of Philoſophie.

Be dying daily, and you ſhall ſoone come to God. If a man would compare the forenoone of his age with the afternoone, and obſerve how long the one is, and how ſhort the other is, every man would be dying daily, and loath to looſe a day.

Palmares poſuiſti dies meos: according to *Davids* meaſure life is a Span; the longeſt liver hath but a handfull of dayes, and life it ſelfe like a circle, alwayes begins where it ends.

Erat, quando non erat; ſed erit.

Time

Time was, when man was not: but how late a beginning soever man had, yet after death he shal be sure never to see end; therefore remember the Christian motto, *Aut aternos semper in mente habe.*

With the *Ancient of dayes* there are no dayes: And the time shall be when time shall bee no more. *Supra est quod supereſt.*

Two common errours.

THere are two common errors which deceive most men: First, that a man enters not into eternall life till hee dies: whereas his calling here begins his life eternall.

This day is salvation come unto thy house, said Christ to *Zacheus*, when he called him from the Tree. Faith prevents time, and makes things future, present.

A pious man so lives here, as if his conversation were in heaven,

carrying himselfe not only honestly, civilly, and humanly; but beyond naturall comportment: his present life seemes superhumane, divine, and spirituall; and so by leading a life heavenly, begins heaven here. *Blessed is he*, saith Saint *Paul*, *that hath his part in the first Resurrection, for the second death shall have no power over him.*

The second errour is, however a man lives, yet if at last he seeme to die well, then all is well, and his soule is sure to bee saved: this is a bold and a dangerous conceit; for though Misery be the object of Mercy, and Hope the miserable mans God, yet humane life as it hath not a greater friend, so many times not a greater foe than Hope. *Dilatio boni habet rationem mali*; suspended hope is but a sad comfort.

Yet many would die, did not hope sustaine them: but more have dyed flattered with vaine hope. *Not every one that saith, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven.*

Enter

Enter into the first degree of life eternall here, or thou must die eternally, with *Lord have mercy upon us*, in thy mouth.

Wherefore I desire to have my part here in the first Resurrection, which is from sinne to Grace: that so I may enjoy the second Resurrection, which is from dust to Glory.

Thou hast brought me, saith *David*, *out of the dust of Death.*

To die by little and little, the third step.

THe third step to dying well, is to die by little and little. Naturally we are every day dying by degrees: the faculties of our minds, the strength of our bodies, our common senses are every day decaying *paulatim*, by little and little: every sinne is more than a disease, and a wicked life makes a con-

tinuall death *Impiè vivere est diu mori*; Therefore saith the good man, *Toto die mortificamur*.

Hee that useth this course every day to die by little and little, to him let Death come when it will, it can neither bee terrible nor sudden.

If we keep a Courser to runne a Race, wee lead him daily ore the place to acquaint him by degrees with all things in the way, that when hee comes upon his speed, he doe not start or turne aside for any thing he sees. So let us inure our soules, and then *we shall run with boldnesse the race that is set before us*.

To die by little and little, is first to mortifie our lesser sinnes, and not to say with *Lot*, *Is't not a little one?*

We may not wash our hands of crying, and from bloudy sins, and hug in our bosomes beloved and Herodian sinnes, sinnes of higher tincture: *Hoc est tolerare, non tollere peccata*. Saint *Augustine* sayes finely,

ly, *Delicta dilecta sunt relinquenda*: Men commonly discard those sins they can best spare, but retaine those they love best; and by changing them into better Termes, would turne them from being sins; as Pride, that discontented sinne, must be counted State: Vanity, Civility; Dissimulation, Court-ship; Anger, Courage; Wantonising, a trick of youth; Swearing, *Genus quoddam sermonis, non peccati*; but take heed, specially of these sins, that make a vertue a sin, and sin to seeme a vertue.

Multa enim vitia se virtutes esse mentiuntur. A man, saith *Plato*, may doe ill; but to disguise it, or defend it, is to outface Truth. Sinnes property is to work upon some vice, but to be proud in that you are not proud, is a *Phœnix* pride. So to be drunk for company is a sinne worse than sinne, for other sins move not shame, but hide it; this displayes it. Therefore forced healths at great Feasts is a barbarous fashion: At *Assuerus* feast

feast every mans rule was his own choyce, and the civility of very Pagans commanded liberty of their cups.

It is hard to commit a single sin, yet of sinners if either party bee wise, both may escape.

They cannot want retentives from sin, that live either amongst friends or enimies; for friends may not bee grieved, enimies may not be provoked.

Bee wise therefore in good-fellowship, no man is so wicked as to be addicted to all kind of vices; for betwixt some vices there is an Antipathy, nor is any man so lewd as not to bee sometimes in good moods, and dislike some sins: the world were not to live in, if all sins were affected by all men: But certainly great sins will never be conquered, if little sins bee cherished: for small penitents will easily part with so much of their sin as may abate nothing of their profit.

There bee also a sorte of little deaths, as sicknesse of body, losse

of

of friends, and the like. Use these in their kinde, and you may make them kindly helps to dying well.

Modest beginnings have hopefull proceedings, and happy endings; proceed therefore by degrees: the Prophet *David* went, *suspenso gradu*, step by step; and so *compassed Gods Altar*; God himselfe made nothing absolute at first. This great God loves to have degrees kept.

Degreeingly to grow to greatnesse is the course of the world.

Wherefore they say in Court, He is out of the danger of folly, whom a speedy advancement leaves wise.

Omnis mutatio est quædam mortis imitatio. Let a man goe out as he came into the world, which was, first by a life of *Vegetation*, then of *Sense*, after wards of *Reason*.

David prescribes us this order, when he sayes, *Doce me & dirige me, Domine.* He will not run, till he bee taught to goe.

Teach mee to doe thy will, and

leade

leade mee, O Lord, into the Land.

What Land is that? There is *terra quam terimus*; Land on earth, which by labour yeelds us all pleasure: that's not it.

There is *terra quam gerimus*, refined earth, beautified bodies which we beare about us; nor is this it.

There is *terra quam querimus*; the glorious Land of Promise, that's the Land we seek. Into this Land, *Duce me, Domine.*

For the manner of dying.

AMongst men it is a matter of chiefe marke, the manner of a mans death: *Summum hominis bonum, bonus ex hac vita exitus.*

Before you die set your house in order: Hee that hath not a house yet hath a soule: no soule can want affaires to set in order, for this finall dissolution.

The chiefe grace of the Thea-

ter

ter is the last Scene. It is the Evening that crownes the day, and we think it no good signe of a faire morrow, when the Sun sets in a cloud: *Finis coronat opus.* Yet I perswade my selfe, that night cannot but be happy, whose day hath been holy.

David in a deep contemplation upon the manner of mans dying, ingeminates the word, saying, *Domine, Domine, exitus Mortis, The issues of death belong to thee.*

Live religiously, and thou shalt die comfortably.

All men, as men, die naturall; as Christians should die religiously. The good man can equally live, or die; for hee knowes if he live, God will protect him; if he die, God will receive him.

Bee faithfull unto death, and I will give thee a Crown of life, saith *Christ.*

Most men wish a short Death, because Death is alwayes accompanyed

panyed with paine, *Morimur gementes*; To lie but an houre under Death is tedious, but to be dying a whole day we think beyond the ſtrength of humane patience: Hee that deſires to be diſſolved and bee with Ghriſt, dies not patiently, but lives patiently, and dies delightfully. Happy he that after due preparation, dies ere he be aware; So is hee happy that by long ſickneſſe ſees Death a farre off; for the one dies like *Elias*, the other like *Eliſha*, both bleſſedly.

The beſt poſture to be found in when Death comes, is in the exerciſe of our calling: *Preſſe*, ſaith Saint *Paul*, *towards the marke, for the prize of the high calling.*

When thou art heavie unto death, then ſhew a lively Faith; for at that time a ſtupid patience is worſe than paſſion.

When thou art ſpeechleſſe, uſe that *Silentium loquens*, Teares from thy heart, *Tacuit Petrus, ſed flevit*, and it was counted to him for eloquence; *Nam affectum prodidit*:

A.

A teare is but a dissolved pearle, a pearle but a condensed teare: At this time turne words into teares, and they will turne pearles. Hee that made the mouth is not taken with words.

A broken and a contrite heart, O Lord, thou wilt not despise.

When thou art dying, lie sorrowing for thy sins, yet not despairing; for there is joy in griefe, where the sorrow is for for sinnes. *I am the man*, saith *Jeremie, that have seene sorrowes:* But this *Dolor peccati* makes *gaudium doloris. There is more joy in heaven for one sinner that repenteth, than, &c.*

Before thou dyest vow thy soule to God, *nam qui jubet ut voveas, juvat ut reddas.* Offer sacrifice upon the Altar of thy heart: If thou hast not a Lambe, that is, meekenesse; or a Bullock, that is, bountifulnesse; yet a Pygeon, that is, well-wishing; or a payre of Turtles, that is, *Gemitus*; a sound

of

of sorrow that thou hast no better. As God loves not empty hands, so he measures fulnesse by the affection.

Those that have most studied men and stories, doe observe that the greatest men, and best wits, when once they come to finde their owne mortality; doe then with strongest resolution quit the world, apply wholly to devotion, and so end their daies with most quietnes in peace.

A good man, by his good will, would die praying; and doe as the Pilgrim doth, goe on in his way singing, and so addes the paine of singing, to that of going; Yet by this surplus of paine unwearies himselfe of paine.

But some wretches think God rather curious, than they faulty, if a few sighes, with a [Lord have mercy upon us] bee not enough at the last gaspe.

Weaknesse must not argue, but yeeld; God hath said it, and they shall finde it.

Not

Not every one that saith, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdome of heaven, but hee that doth the will of my Father which is in heaven.

Commonly good men are best at last, even when they are dying; for they seldome die of a sin-sickneſſe.

The sickneſſe of the soule hath this advantage of the bodies sickneſſe: It never languiſhes under the Phyſitians hand: when it seemes at worſt, then it is best: no sooner saith *David, I am sick*; but *Nathan* tels him, Thou art well; no sooner sayes, *I have sinned*, and must die, but the Prophet tels him, *The Lord hath put away thy sin, thou shalt not die.* Thus doth repentance make pardon coetaneous with the fault.

But it is just with God that they who live without repentance, should die without comfort. Woe is him whose bed is made in hell. Know this and beleeve it, all our happineſſe here is holineſſe, and holineſſe hereafter, shall be our happineſſe.

There

of ſorrow that thou haſt no better. As God loves not empty hands, ſo he meaſures fulneſſe by the affection.

Thoſe that have moſt ſtudied men and ſtories, doe obſerve that the greateſt men, and beſt wits, when once they come to finde their owne mortality, doe then with ſtrongeſt reſolution quit the world, apply wholly to devotion, and ſo end their daies with moſt quietneſs in peace.

A good man, by his good will, would die praying; and doe as the Pilgrim doth, goe on in his way ſinging, and ſo addes the paine of ſinging, to that of going; Yet by this ſurplus of paine unwearies himſelfe of paine.

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There is no ſpectacle in the world ſo profitable, or more terrible, than to behold a dying man, to ſtand by, and ſee a man diſmanned. Curiouſly didſt thou make man *in the loweſt part of the earth*, ſaith *David*: but to ſee thoſe elements, which compounded, made the body, to ſee them divided, and the man diſſolved, is a rufull ſight. So dependent is the life of man, that it cannot want one element; fire and ayre, theſe flie upward; water and earth, theſe ſink downward; ſo living man becomes a dead carkaſſe. *The breath of man goeth out, he turnes again to earth, and then all his thoughts periſh.* And what is man but for his thoughts?

Every dying man carries heaven and earth wrapt up in his boſome, and at this time each part returnes homeward.

Seneca thought a man might chooſe his own death, which was ſome eaſe to him. *Quemadmodum navim eligam navigaturus, et domum habitaturus: Ita mortem utique quâ*

ſum

ſum exiturus è vitâ. But better ſaith another, *Stultè hæc cogitantur : vitam aliis approbare quiſquam debet, mortem verò ſibi.*

But ſince it is ſo great a matter to die, ſo neceſſary to die well, ſo dangerous to die ill, let your life be an acting of death. That life is wel adventured, where it is a gaine to loſe it.

Certainly death hath great dependencie on the courſe of mans life, and life it ſelfe is as fraile as the body which it animates.

Auguſtus Cæſar Bonam mortem putabat celerem, & inſperatam, quæ nullâ ægritudine pulsârat fores : ſo often as hee heard of a man that had a quick paſſage, with little ſenſe of paine, he wiſhed for himſelfe that *Euthanaſie* : While he lived he uſed to ſet himſelfe between his two friends, *Suſpiria & Lachrymæ*; when hee dyed he called for his looking-glaſſe, commanded to have his haire and beard kembed, *Et Malas labentes corrigi*, his riveled cheeks ſmoothed up: Then

Then asking his friends if hee had acted his part well, *Cùm ita responderint, vos omnes igitur inquit plaudite.*

Alexander the Great did aske the Indian Philosopher how long a man should live; saith he, Untill he think it better to die than live: but Saint *Paul* is our best patterne, who being weary of the world, desiring to be dissolved, cryed out (*voce tamen desideramis, non desperantis*) *O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver mee from this body of death!*

There be many that choose rather to die quickly, than to live long sickly: *Vitam desiderant non longam, sed latam*; yet better were it for them, *aliquando ægrotare*, than *continuè valere*. For *vitiosa sanitas* will make them thank Nature, and forget God.

Some on the other side will invite Death to doe them the kindnesse to take them soone out of the world, counting a short death the happiest passage of a mans life;

yet

yet a little while, and he that ſhall come, will come, and will not tarry. If life come once to bee a diſpleaſure, then death comes to doe us a pleaſure: and for this (ſaith *Tully*) a man is moſt beholding to Nature, *Quòd unum introitum ad vitam dedit, exitus verò multos: Sed non ſic itur ad aſtra.* Chriſtians know better wayes, as how to live in grace, that they may die in peace: *In pace ad pacem:* and to whom this grace is given, for them glory is reſerved.

O ſaith a good man, how ſafe is the condition of Gods children, whom very paine eaſeth, death revives, ſin glorifies!

Yet there is not the ſtrongeſt body, nor holieſt Saint on earth, but at point of death, is ſubject to ſome trepidations and qualmes of feare. For the Soule which comes into the body without any ſenſible pleaſure, goes not out of the body without the ſenſe of paine. And it troubles many a good ſoule to ſee men of the beſt lives, to have diſtem-

distempered and perplexed ends; Some raving, some despairing, some dying suddenly, and seldome any have so bitter draughts, as those whom God loves best.

Naturall distempers.

IT is fit therefore to take notice of the natural causes. Despaire in dying, may as wel arise from weakneſſe of nature, as from trouble of minde: but by neither of these can hee bee prejudiced that hath lived well.

Marke the righteous, and behold the perfect, for the end of that man is peace: His body may be sick, but his minde is sound; for *God maketh all his bed in his sickneſſe*, and in the instant of a sharp separation his Soule finds it selfe happy; for he knowes, *Si durius seponitur, melius reponitur*, though it be put off painfully, yet is it laid up joyfully.

Raving

Raving, and other ſtrange paſſi-ons, are many times rather the ef-fect of the diſeaſe, than moving from the minde. For upon Deaths approaches, choler fuming to the braine will cauſe diſtempers in the moſt patient ſoule. In theſe caſes the faireſt and trueſt judgement to be made is, that ſins of ſickneſſe, occaſioned by violence of diſeaſe in a patient man, are but ſins of in-firmity, and not to be taken as ill ſignes or preſages; *Filius tantarum lachrymarum*, cannot but be ſaved, ſaid the good Matron, when ſhee ſaw her ſon at worſt: I will not de-ſpaire in reſpect of that mans im-patient dying, whom the worme of conſcience had not devoured li-ving.

Seldome any enter into glory with eaſe: Yet the Jewes ſay of *Moſes*, his ſoule was ſucked out of his mouth with a kiſſe: ſome have their paſſion in death, that is bitter, becauſe it is inward: ſome before death, that is better, becauſe it is outward.

David in this caſe, the better to make his way, prayed and cryed, *Lord ſpare me a little, O ſpare mee, that I may recover my ſtrength before I goe hence and be no more.*

Indeed to *Ezechias* ſome yeeres of dayes were lent; but we are not worthy of that favour, we muſt not expect that God will bring back the ſhadow of degrees when once it is gone down in the dyall of *Ahaz*; wee muſt time it as we may, and be content to live and die at uncertainties.

Therefore as a ſick man hearkens to the clock, ſo let us watch death. For ſudden comming of death, finding a weak ſoule unprepared, makes it deſperate, and leaves it miſerable.

What death is to be accounted ſudden.

SUdden death of it ſelfe is not therefore evill, becauſe it is ſudden, but becauſe it may take us away ſuddenly, our ſoules unprepared. The good man never dies unprepared, becauſe his perſeverance in goodneſſe is a providence againſt ſudden death.

To a man well prepared, ſudden death is but a quicker paſſage, and is not to to bee accounted a ſudden death, but a ſudden departure, becauſe it came not unlookt for.

Though the righteous bee prevented by Death (ſaith the Book of Wiſdome) yet ſhall he be at reſt, becauſe he hath made his peace before hand. His departure is no miſery, for his hope is full of eternity. *Ezechiel* the Prophet (ſo often ſtiled *Sonne of man*) to him God

ſayes, *I take away from thee the delight of thine eyes*, (which was his wife) *with a ſtroke ſuddenly*, and *yet thou ſhalt not weep.*

Let not preſent pleaſures of life allure, nor cares thereof poſſeſſe thee, then cannot ſudden death ſurpriſe thee.

Improviſa nulli Mors, cui provida Vita; But if a man doe not prepare to die, he may live ſeven yeeres in a conſumption, and yet die a ſudden death. For any time is ſudden to him that is unprepared.

They take their marke amiſſe who judge a man by his outward behaviour in his death. If you know the goodneſſe of a mans life, miſjudge him not by any ſtrangeneſſe of his death.

Though other men can beſt judge of our actions, yet a mans heart can beſt judge of himſelfe. When a man comes to be judged, his life, and not the manner of his death, ſhall give the evidence with, or againſt him. Many that live wickedly, would ſeeme to die holily;

lily; more for feare to be damned in the opinion of people, than for any love to goodneſſe. To theſe men there is *malum triplex*, *quod manet in ſeptima*. Which is *Horror in exitu, Dolor in tranſitu, Pudor in conſpectu Dei*. If my life pleaſe God, I am ſure my death ſhal pleaſure me: Chriſt never leaves any of his, at parting. *Eliſha* would not leave *Elijah*, though he put him off twice, becauſe he knew there was a bleſſing to come when they parted. It is a great happineſſe to die in eaſe. That mans end is eaſie, whom Death finds with a weak body and a ſtrong ſoule. *Quis tàm facilè, quando vult, dormit*, as hee that layes down his life in peace? The ayre is commonly calmeſt at noone.

Ariſtotle gives the reaſon; *Quia tunc vincit aut vincitur*: So is it with the ſoule of man at the point of death.

Yet a good man doth not alwayes die in exerciſe of his goodneſſe, but as a wiſe man when hee

sleepes, leeseth not his knowledge, no more doth a good man his graces, though hee die in distemper; for habitudes of goodnesse doe not then leave him; though they cannot then doe their office for him.

But the vulgar opinion, if a man die quietly, and goe away like a Lambe (which in consumptions and dull diseases, most men doe) then sure he goes to heaven; but if he bee distempered, and of frantick behaviour (which happens to many through extreme inflammations) then sure he goes to hell. This is a judgement from Nature, and not of Religion, and in this case trust not naturall judgement, for it is arted with subtilties of Physick: Man works by likely meanes, God many times by contraries.

He that can shut his eyes every night with a quiet conscience, shall meet with least disturbances when Death shall close his eyes at last; nor will he care who shuts up his earthen

earthen eyes, when Death it ſelfe opens his ſoules eyes. Then ſhall we ſee more with theſe ſhut eyes, than ever we could doe open-eyed: Saint *Paul* was therefore ſtricken blinde, that the eyes of his ſpirit might be opened.

Serenity, joy, and peace in a dying man, is a hopefull behaviour: Yet we ſee the cleare ſtarres that are ſo delightfull to behold, bring forth their Rayes by ſparkelings, and dartings, as though they were delivered of their light by travell and hard aſſayes; So good men in their death have great variety of accidents, many langiors, many agonies, many iterated endevours, travelling of Death, as in a Child-birth, ſorrowes, torments, paines being then Death Agents; But if the paſſages of the ſoule lie open to God without interpoſition of worldly cares, then it peaceably makes egreſſe with a ſweetneſſe, and that without diſturbance.

Naturall cauſes will have their

operations; but it is the God of Nature that commands them, it is his property sometimes to work supernaturally by Nature. Dispute not with God; give Nature leave to cavill, and wee cannot be good Christians.

But trust to this, Beleeve aright, and live as you beleeve, and you cannot but die in safety. If you would end life quietly, render it up willingly.

Let no contentments of the world, so fix you to the world, as to desire longer life; Prolongation is no pleasure, but so long as it goes well with us, *Sapè in hoc esse, Bene, non diù.* Shortnesse of life is no unhappinesse, *Citiùs mori vel tardiùs, ad rem non spectat; bene mori aut malè, ad rem spectat.*

The Book of Wisdome saith, *He was soone taken away, lest it should alter his understanding, or deceit beguile his soule.*

In principio mundi, cùm homines viverent in majori simplicitate, Deus dedit eis longam vitam; postquam crescebat

creſcebat hominis malitia & temporis abuſus, tunc abbreviavit Deus eorum dies.

Had preſent Death been evill, or long life good, *Cain* had been ſlaine, and *Abel* had ſurvived; but Death commonly begins firſt, where God loves beſt: *His ſoule,* ſayth the ſonne of *Syrach, pleaſed God; therefore haſted he to take him away.*

Seldome is excellency in any kinde long lived; we ſee the beſt men live not longeſt: and indeed it were injurious to wiſh that goodneſſe ſhould hinder any one from happineſſe.

The beſt cannot be happy but by diſſolution, their dying being but a change, going from evill to good; hopes putting in them ſuch a new life, as they care not to change the old.

The lives of all creatures elſe are loſt to us, ours but changed to God.

If the wicked man live long, it is but to aggravate his judgement;

if hee die ſoone, it is but to haſten it.

One man ſeemes to die caſually, another violently, both by deſtiny, all men by decree.

Et quem dederat curſum natura, peregi, ſaid the Poet; but the Divine tels us, that *vitæ præſentis ſinem talem eſſe decet, quale futuræ eſt principium*: Nor is the place materiall where wee die, ſo wee die well.

Moſes dyed upon one hill; *Aaron* upon another hill, but both where they might ſee the Land of Promiſe; *Felix conſpectus*.

Be as ready to die as *Moſes* was, when there was no more betweene God and him, but, *Moſes, go up and die*. With ſuch a ſociable compellation are good men invited unto death, as to a feaſt.

Nec mihi Mors gravis eſt poſituro morte labores.
——— *Mors mihi merces erit.*

All motions tend to reſt.

Return

Return then to thy Reſt, O my ſoule, for God hath dealt bountifully with thee.

Aſſurance of life after death.

Awake and ſing, ſaith the Prophet *Eſay*, *yee that dwell in duſt, for thy dew is the dew of herbs, and the earth ſhall caſt out her dead. Thy dead men ſhall live, with my body ſhall they riſe.*

For reall aſſurance both to our bodies and our ſoules, there are three bodily Inhabitants already gone to heaven.

Enoch before the Law, *Eliah* under the Law, Chriſt under the Goſpel; yet for further aſſurance, *Ipſe dixit*, Chriſt himſelfe hath ſaid it, *Becauſe I live, yee ſhall live alſo. I am the Reſurrection and the Life. Qui credit in mè, etiamſi mortuus fuerit, vivet.* Although my fleſh be eaten with wormes, theſe wormes turned

to

to dust, blown thorow the earth, yet after thou hast turned all to destruction, againe thou sayest, *Come againe yee children of men.* Therefore, *O Death where is thy sting, O grave where is thy victory?* saith Saint *Paul.*

Hitherto shalt thou come, said *Job*, but no further: here shall thy proud waves be stayed: *Mors usque ad corpus solum pertinget, ultra non progreditur:* It stands not with Divinity, nor is it consonant to Reason, that man, for whom all things spring should not have his spring and rise againe. I see wormes and flies, and other creatures that spend the Winter season in a kinde of death, revive in the Spring; I see my selfe dead every night, and alive in the morning: doubt not therefore of this article of beleefe, of all most comfortable. I know who I have trusted, saith Saint *Paul*, and I am assured he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day. *And they shall bee mine*, saith God by the Prophet

Malachy

Malachy, in that day when I make up my Jewels.

Resurgam, said good Bishop *King*; *It is now time to awake, for now is our salvation neerer than when we believed*: nor will I fear how this body of mine shall appear another day. For I am promised by him that will performe, it shall not be found naked; but this covering of the flesh being cast off, it shall be cloathed with glory, as with another garment. The children of the Resurrection die no more, for they are equall to the Angels. If thy life be hid with Christ in God, then when Christ, which is thy life, shall appeare, thou shalt appeare in glory.

The word of assurance is, *Redemptor meus, My Father and your Father*, saith the Gospel: there is great divinity in these pronounes, *Meum & tuum*, they are words of assurance to mens soules, though in mens states they are the ground of all Controversies. *I know that my Redeemer lives*, but I doe not therefore know this, because I will know it;

it; For the will cannot invade the understanding. How then doe I know it? not by opinion, but by faith; *Fides non creditur, sed cernitur*; things are not so, because we are perswaded they are so; but because they be so, therefore we are so perswaded. The woman with childe, knowes she is so, when she feeles it stirre lively: So the Spirit of God assures our spirit, when wee lively feele his Spirit in us.

Holy *Job* saith, *Though after the skin wormes destroy the bodies, yet in my flesh I shall see God for my selfe; and mine own eyes shall behold him, and not anothers.*

Which numerall Identity gives certainty, that this soule of mine imperſonated anew, and so inanimating my body againe, shall give a new being, and a better being unto both.

That soule, the lost pearle, which to find, a man would have given all he had, shall there be found ingraven in a body of gold; whereas here it was poorely set in clay. Hee

which

which came with his garments red from Bozra, will cloath us in white.

It doth not yet appear what wee ſhal be, but wee know that when Chriſt ſhal appeare, we ſhal be like him, for we ſhall ſee him as he is, ſaith S. *John*. *Come then ye bleſſed of my Father, inherit the kingdome prepared for you; and feare not, little flock, for it is your Fathers pleaſure to give you the kingdome. Tarry but a little while*, ſaith Saint *Paul*, *and he that ſhall come will come and will not tarry.*

A man, ſaith *Chryſoſtome*, would dwel in this Contemplation, and bee loth to come out of it. Nay, ſaith Saint *Auguſtine*, *A man might Age himſelfe in it, and ſooner grow old, than weary.*

The

The fourth generall Diviſion.

IIII.

what our laſt thoughts ſhould be.

SEneca ſaith, the laſt day judgeth all the precedent, *Vltimum optimum*: Dying words are weightieſt, and make deepeſt impreſſions: yet our laſt thoughts are readieſt to ſpend themſelves upon ſomewhat that we loved beſt while we lived. *Jezabel* at laſt was more taken up with ſeeming faire, than being happy. *Et tunc quoque verſus ad illam*, becauſe

cauſe ſhe loved her face more than her ſoule.

The ſoule it ſelfe, when it is entring into glory, breathes divine things: At this time a good mans tongue is in his breſt, not in his mouth, his words are then ſo pithy and ſo pectorall.

Anatomiſts doe ſay, there are ſtrings in a mans tongue, which go to his heart; when theſe break, man ſpeaks his heart: *Utinam ſaperent & intelligerent, & noviſſima providerent*, ſaid *Moſes*, when he was dying. Chriſts laſt words in the Bible are, *Surely I come quickly.* Our anſwer is, Amen. Even ſo come Lord Jeſus, &c.

As in greateſt extremities good Phyſitians leave drugs, and miniſter only Cordials: ſo deale by thy ſoule when death approaches; Lay thee down and ſleep in peace, caſt away all worldly cares, entertaine only thoughts that wil animate thy weak body, and refreſh thy thirſty ſoul, as did that *dew of Hermon* falling upon the *Hill of Sion.* When

ſick-

ſickneſſe undreſſes man for death, then *Jobs Scio*, and Saint *Pauls Cupio*, are the words of ſweeteſt comfort.

Man, ſaith *Jeremy*, puts his mouth at laſt to the duſt, if ſo be there may be hope. But rely not longer on the Phyſitian: Earthly meanes were for uſe, they are not for confidence. God cannot be God, if Nature limit him. Happy is the man whoſe laſt day is his beſt day.

All the while I lived, ſaid a good man, I was going on my journey, *In via*, but not *in patria*; but now that I am dying, I finde my ſelfe neere home, I am come to mount *Sion*; I will not therefore ſit down on this ſide Jordan, but haſten to the heavenly Jeruſalem; whither when I come, I ſhal there ſee my God face to face, heare my Saviour ſay, *Euge bone ſerve, It is my Fathers will to give thee a Kingdome.*

Is it not enough that my Saviour is gone up to prepare a place for me, but will he give me a Kingdome? and ſhal not I be glad when God

God shall come and fetch me, to enthrone me in this Kingdome? *Absit:* If Christ be gone up to prepare a place for me, Lord let me be prepared for that place; blessed eternity where art thou, I am seeking for thee, and I see thee comming towards me? Now mee thinks I heare my soule say, *Cur non accedis, Domine? Quid moraris?*

I have too long dwelt in this Sepulchre of earth, *Va mihi, quia prolongatus est incolatus meus in terra,* woe is me that I still remaine in Mesech & dwell in the tents of Kedar: It is enough Lord, as *Elias* said in the wilderness; Take now away my life, for I am no better than my Fathers were. My soule thirsteth for thee: When shall I come and appear before thee? Nay, my soule is now grown so high minded, that shee saith, *Major sum, & ad majora genitus, quàm ut mancipium sim hujus corporis:* Man is not quiet till he be more than man: let his condition here civilly be what it it will, it wil nor content him. Bare Philosophy made

made such impression in *Socrates*, That *in carcere damnatus egit cum discipulis de corpore, tanquam de alio ergastulo*, counting the body to be a worse prison to the soule, than that prison was to him.

Plato when he saw one over-indulgent to his body by high feeding it, asked what hee meant to make his prison so strong? When you pamper the flesh, you doe but victuall the enimy.

The body at best is but the living Coffin of the soule, as the grave is the dead Coffin of the body.

Thus doth Divine Contemplation make us high in thoughts, rich in expectation; Therefore it is but duty of man to know the dignitie of his Soule, which is so heavenly ambitious, as it will not let heaven alone, till it may see, as it is seene.

Gravata est anima mea, my body is a burthen to my soule; It hath had honour enough to have been so long companion with it: wherefore

fore now, as Saint *Hierome* saith, *Egredere anima, egredere.*

What dost thou longer here on earth, O thou my heaven-born Soule?

The Hermit sitting on his turfe, said to his soule, *Sexaginta annos serviviſti Deo, & nunc mori times?* Goe out of this Arke of flesh, O my soule, for I now smell the savour of rest. *Celeritas nunc in deſiderio mora eſt.* As Christ said to his Disciples, *Surgite, eamus hinc*: So say to thy Soule; *Surge anima de mundo, eamus in cœlum.*

Though my soule, as a Bird, for necessity sake hath been faine to stay a while here upon earth, yet willingly would it bee soaring in the sky; but I finde that *Iſta vita eſt mihi impedimento ad id, propter quod vivitur:* Specially when I heare my Saviour say, *Father, I will that those whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am, that they may behold my Glory. Sybilla* before Christ, and *Plato* likewise, doe both agree, that the union of mans soule with

God

God is that true felicity which all Philoſophy aymes at. Therefore *Deſiderio deſideravi ergaſtuli hujus egreſſum*, that I may ſee *facie ad faciem* him whom my ſoule loveth; and be, Lord, where thou enjoyeſt thy ſelfe, and glorified ſpirits enjoy thee.

Oſtende mihi Patrem, & ſufficit. Surely ſaith Saint *Auguſtine* in his Meditations, *Domine, creâſti nos ob te; nuſquã erit cor quietũ donec perveneritad te. Bleſſed are the dead which die in the Lord*, ſaith S. *John*; *yea, ſaith the Spirit, they reſt from their labours, & their works follow them.* O thou Source of the Springs of Lebanus, my ſoule now thirſteth to be with thee; In the twilight betwixt the day of life, and night of death.

Entertaine thy laſt houre with ſuch like thoughts, *Et hæ tibi dabunt ad æternitatem iter, & in itinere ſublevabunt.* They will Angelize thy body, and Emparadiſe thy ſoule, before thou commeſt into heaven; yeeld a ſweetneſſe beyond the bitterneſſe of Death.

Cer-

Certainly, a good Soule thus employing it ſelfe, *in iſtâ horâ*, will not leave the felicity it ſhal have in ſuch an aſſured tranſmigration from death to life, for all the joyes that life paſt did ever render it.

Good Saint *Auguſtine*, in a high ſpeculation, endevouring to expreſſe this heavenly joy, was asked by a grave old man, Father *Auguſtine*, *Quid agis?* A man may as wel draw in all the ayre in the world with a breath, as expreſſe to the life what thou art now about; not that there is want of words, but want in words to expreſſe it.

As griefes concealed, ſo joyes expreſſed grow greater; wherefore though this ineffable joy cannot be expreſt, *Quantus, vel qualis ſit*, yet is it *Res generoſa conari alta, mente majora concipere, quàm quæ effici poſſunt.*

Therefore this we may doe, ſome way ſample that which no way we can expreſſe: *In arduis voluiſſe ſat eſt*, in ſome things good purpoſes ſupply actions.

Like

Like as a Bird that hath beene long engaged, then chants it moſt merrily, when wee gets looſe into the open ayre.

Nititur in ſilvas queq; redire ſuas:

Or as a ſick man that hath wearily toſſed and turned himſelfe in his bed all the dull night long, is then conforted at the approach of the day-break, when the Sunne-beames gild the morning:

Or as a priſoner that feeles his chaines heavie upon him, longs for releaſement.

Liberáque à ferris crura futura velit:

So will it bee with thy Soule, when thou ſhalt heare thy Saviour ſay, *I am thy ſalvation: Come unto mee thou that art weary and heavie laden, and I will refreſh thee.*

Pœnitentibus & petentibus pertinet Regnum Cœlorum: To them that are weary of this durance, and ſue for deliverance, belongeth the kingdome of heaven.

Wherefore as a wearied traveller that hath passed a long journey, though perhaps met with some delights by the way, is then gladdest when hee comes within kenning of his Countrey;

Natale solum dulcedine cunctos ducit.

Even so thy soule after many yeeres pilgrimage in the wildernesse of this wretched world, being come with *Moses* to Mount Nebo, and beholding the pleasant Land of Canaan from the top of Pisgah, will then laugh for joy, as doth the Horizon to see the Sun comming *as a Bridegroome out of his chamber.*

Dilectus meus descendit ad hortum suum, ad areolam aromatum.

Of this joy thy dazeled eyes might have some glimps, while thou wast in health; but then it was, as the blind-mans vision in the Gospel, to whose first sight men seemed to walk like trees; but in this thy new state thou shalt see cleerely

men

men and Angels ſtand before the Lambs Throne, and heare thy ſelfe invited to the Lambes Supper, where *thou ſhalt be brought into the Wine-cellar, and love will be the banner over thee.* It is the beſt eloquence to ſpeak to God in the ſame language he ſpeaks to us.

Come then, O Shunamite, *ſtay me with Flaggons, and comfort me with Apples, for I am ſick of love: Kiſſe me with the kiſſes of thy mouth, for thy love is better than wine; Shew me, O thou whō my ſoul loveth, where thou feedeſt, where thou lyeſt at noone.*

Thus with *Solomon* in a Canticle, and with *David* in a Pſalme, let be the Raptures of thy Soule, which as in a trance, ſhall be caught up to heaven, as was *Philip* by the Spirit, or *Ezechiel* by the Angell.

And with an Heroicall alacritie tempered with a gracious humility, give up thy ſoule to God, and bid farewell to the world.

Sing with *Deborah, O my ſoul, thou haſt marched valiantly*; and ſay with *David*, *Return now my ſoule*

unto thy reſt, for the Lord hath rewarded thee.

Dying Saint *Steven* before his eyes were cloſed, had a faciall ſight of his Saviour, *Videbat Deum per eſſentiam, looked ſtedfaſtly into the heaven; and ſaw the glory of God, and Jeſus ſtanding at the right hand of God.* Old *Simeon*, after hee had ſeene his Saviour, rejoyced then to ſay, *Lord, now letteſt thou thy ſervant depart in peace, for mine eyes have ſeene thy ſalvation.*

Hoc videam, & moriar; Morior ut videam.

The

THE RAPTURE OF THE SOVLE.

Rapitur Anima, cùm cœleſtia contemplatur, & contemplando jucundatur.

This is a kinde of Arreption to Heaven; when a man abſtracts himſelfe from earth, and by Contemplation growes into acquaintance with GOD, for then hee

seemes to converse with God, and becomes *divinæ particeps naturæ*, then hee sends forth strong emanations of Divine love. Those *affectiones extaticæ* are the signals, *Amoris liquidi: liquescit anima, cùm devotione calescit.* Such love suffers not me to be a lover of my selfe. *Et quid illos nisi* Seraphins *dixerim, quorum cor conversum est in ignem divini amoris? Let him kisse me with the kisses of his mouth*; so begins that *Canticum canticorum: & jucundum quidem eloquium, quod ab osculo sumit principium.* This *fruitivus Amor*, by Divine Rapture unites me to God; for in Rapture a man seemes to walk with God, as *Enoch* did; talke with God, as *Moses* did; see God, as *Stephen* did.

And because sight encreases delight; Therefore Rapture would faine ascend to vision, *Videre illa, non qua videntur, sed qua non videntur.*

But that's a priviledge for Saint *Paul*; *Vidi dominum*, saith *Jacob*, *facie ad faciem, & salva facta est anima*

ma mea. Holy *Hierom* sweares it: *Testor Deum, post hebdomadarum jejunia visus sum mihi versari inter agmina angelorum*, to have private conversation with Quiers of Angels; The first Christians were ravished with a greater desire of knowledge than of food, sometimes lived three dayes together in contemplation and never eat. *Raptus est supremus gradus contemplationis*, saith S. *Augustine*, which raises in man towring thoughts, irradiates his soule with high apprehensions; and so elevates him to God, as it takes him out of himselfe, to live above himselfe. *Nescio in quam dulcedinem duces me, Domine*, said he in his Rapture.

The Soule being thus powerfully attracted by the inducements of so faire and divine delights, Shee on her part corresponds, and with a willing assent glides after these attracts, and as a vapour exhal'd by the Sunne, she goes out of her selfe, and would willingly draw the body with her, but that sustance is

too ſad; wherefore ſhee quits it as not agill, nor ſprightfull enough to ſoare ſo high; *O that my Soule had wings as a Dove, that I might flie, and be at reſt!* ſaith *David.*

It is an admirable thing to conſider that the eye of a man ſo weak, ſo tender a peece, ſhould look up every day to heaven, ſo wonderfull in height, and yet never be tyred by the way: by this I ſee that heavenly Contemplation (which is the beſt Optick) if it bee ſtrong enough, and not overclog'd with earthly thoughts, is able to carry us with eaſe to heavenly extaſie.

The will takes pleaſure to perceive the underſtanding (which is the Soules King) taken into Rapture; and when the faculties both of will and underſtanding doe intercommunicate their raviſhments, then are we ſweetly brought into divine extaſie; in which ſtate man feeles nothing of the Humane, but dies in his life, and lives in his death.

Of this ſacred extaſie the Seraphicall

phicall Divines make three ſorts; one of underſtanding, a ſecond of affection, a third of action.

Action is added, becauſe a man is not to be above himſelfe in Contemplation, and under himſelfe in converſation. The firſt of the three is, *in ſplendore*; the ſecond, *in fervore*; the third, *in labore*: the one cauſed by admiration; the other by devotion, the laſt by operation.

In theſe Raptures, the Fathers, who were ſtiled Saints, had ſuch a complacency, as they ſtrove to act this as the way of a new life, ſometimes before their death; inſomuch as the Votaries would ſay, *Never was a Saint*, but had extaſies, and raviſhment of life before his death; they laboured by a liquefaction of their ſoules into God, to enſoule themſelves in God, to put themſelves out of the naturall comportment of the body, and ſo to live in Divine extaſie without living in the body.

This made Saint *Paul* to ſay, *I know a man in Chriſt fourteen yeers*

agoe, whether in the body, or out of the body, I cannot tell.

Some so lived, as it were doubted whether they were living men dead, or dead men living. Nay, some with fervencie of spirit were transported into such extasie, that their soules being wholly conversant in divine Comtemplation, they cared not to afford common assistance to Nature, and so have dyed through exinanition and want of strength, conceiving there was no use of any creature to them, that enjoyed the Creator.

Thus did love performe the office of Death; *Love is as strong as Death*, saith *Solomon*; nay, with them it wrought more than Death could doe: for Death only performeth by effect, that which Love operateth by affection; Death did but separate their bodies from their soules; but Love separated their soules from their bodies living.

In such a trance they report S. *Basil* to say, *That* Jacob, *when he had fast holden God, let him go for a bles-*

sing

ſing: But the *Shunamite*, *My ſoule will not let thee goe ſo*; For ſhe now ſeeks no more Benedictions of God, but to enjoy the God of Benedictions.

Saint *Hierome* to ſay; *O my Saviour, diddeſt thou die for love of me? A love more dolorous than death, but to me a death more lovely than love it ſelfe! I cannot live, love thee, and be longer from thee.*

When *Severinus*, the Indian Saint; was recovering from dying, it is reported he was heard to ſay, *O my God, do not for pity, ſo ever-joy me; if I muſt ſtill live and have ſuch conſolations, take me to heaven: For he that hath once taſted this and thy ſweetneſſe, muſt neceſſarily live afterwards in bitterneſſe.*

This is the ſtate of loves life in God, which giveth a ſuper-humane being unto man, man being yet on earth.

This ardent love engrafting me into God by her uniting vertue, makes me now to ſay, *Vivo ego, ſed non ego, vivit vero in me Chriſtus.*

My

My life is hid in Christ with God. And now me thinks I see him face to face, *Visione illâ beatificâ, & jugiter revelatâ facie, Sponsi gloriam speculando, transformatur anima de claritate in claritatem: Audet & ipsa loqui,*

Tota pulchra es amica.

Who is this that commeth from Edom, with red garments from Bozrah? I now behold the day spring from on high come to visit me. Say then to the North, Give; and to the South, Restore; And so come Lord Jesus, come quickly.

MORTIS

MORTIS EPILOGVS.

QVoniam mors me quotidiè expectat, ego mortem quotidiè expectabo.

But before thou goest hence, consider well these foure things:

1. *Vnde venis.*
2. *Quò vadis.*
3. *Quid es.*
4. *Quid eris.*

Upon enquiry *vndè venio*, I am told, *Peccatores peccatorem me in peccato genuerunt.*

Miseri miserum me in hanc lucis miseriam induxerunt.

Conceptus

Conceptus culpa, Nasci miseria, Vivere pœna, mors angustia; Et quantò est vita mea longior, tantò est culpa mea numerosior.

This makes me think,

Quorsum commodata est mihi vita humana?

For this onely,

Ad comparandam vitam cœlestem:
Et hoc vult divina clementia,
Quòd vita mea sit brevior,
Ut labor meus sit levior.

13-9
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For my *Quò vado.*

IT is lifes *Posie, Vadere,* to fade and decay.
Vado tels me, I am *in transitu,*
But it rejoyceth me to think,
Eo ad Patres.
And this hope comforts,
Sepelieris in ætate bonâ.
Therefore *nec me tædet vivere, nec timeo mori:*
Mihi enim mors servit in solatium vitæ,
Vitam habeo in patientiâ,
Mortem verò in desiderio.
Plangam ergo paulatim dolorẽ meum,
Et tunc
Oblitus exilii, ibo ad patriam:
Nam
Mortuâ morte revertitur mihi vita.

To

To expresse, *Quid sum.*

Quis fando explicare queat?

Pulvis & Aër, this I know;

Et in pulverem reverteris. This is sure;

That *homo* is *morbidum, putre, cassum:*
Et in non hominem vertitur omnis homo.

This every man findes.

Our metall is, *de humore liquido,*
And the mould no better, *In utero impuro.*

Dam-

Damnatus antequàm natus, that's our condition.

Our best Stock is, *Semen Abrahæ*;

Dicens putredini; *Thou art my Mother*,

And to the Wormes, *You are my Brethren.*

Here is our great kindred.

Our dwelling is, *Inter pulices & culices*, amongst Flies and Fleas.

Our quality vile, our weight lighter than vanity, our worth nothing.

What then is our being?

Somnium & dolor.

If so,

Si natus sum ploraus,
Si morior plangens,
Nolo ego vivere ridens:
Hoc tantùm volo,
Animam meam ornare, qua Deo & Angelis
Mox præsentanda est in cœlis.

Now

Now for *Quid eris*.

This alſo I know.

Quod ſum, & me non eſſe ſcio.
Sed id eſſe & noſſe deſidero.
Nam videre Deum, vivere cum Deo.
Eſſe in Deo, eſt habere Deum.
Hoc eſt aterna ſecuritas, & ſecura aternitas.

This may bee admired, hardly underſtood:
Yet better underſtood, than can be expreſſed.
Therefore to my ſoule I ſay not,
O Animula, blandula, vagula: but,
O Anima Dei inſignita imagine,
Decorata ſimilitudine,
Deſponſata Fide,
Redempta Sanguine,
Dotata Spiritu,
Deputata cum Angelis,
Quid tibi cum Carne?

But

But to contemplate,

Quanta claritas, quanta ſuavitas, quanta jucunditas maneat me in illa viſione, cùm facie ad faciem videbo Chriſtum?

O Lord heare my words, conſider my Meditations, Pſal. 5.

FINIS.